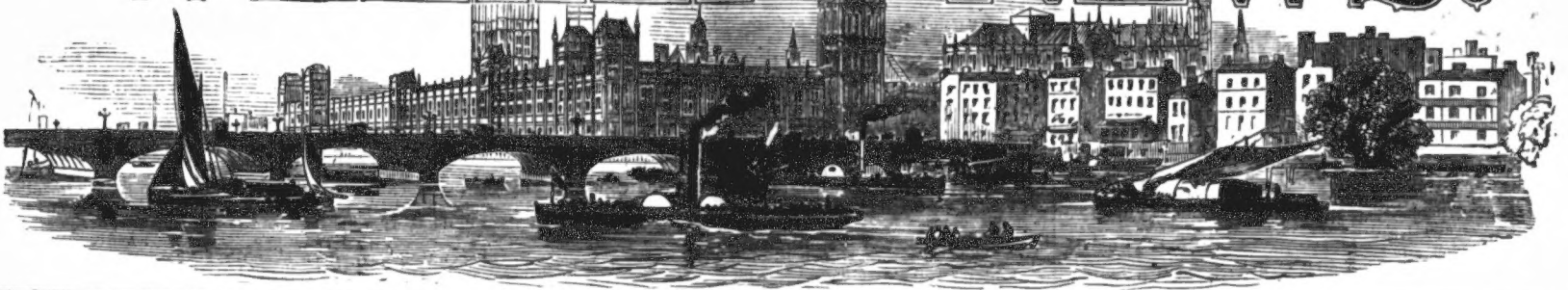


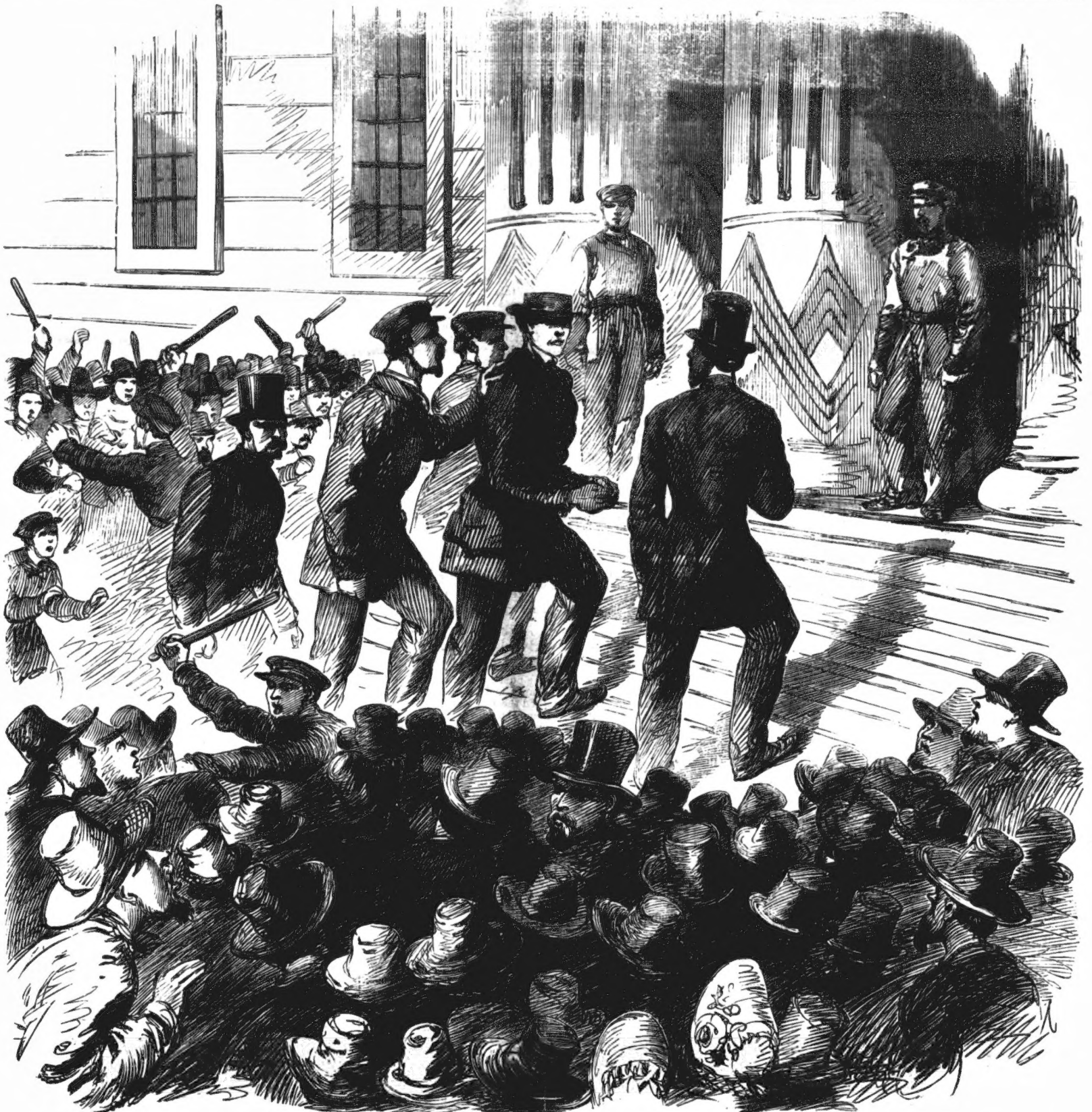
John Dick 3/3 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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ONE PENNY.



THE MURDER OF MR. BRIGGS.—MULLER TAKEN TO THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK. (From a sketch forwarded from New York.) (See page 243.)

Notes of the Week.

An accident, happily unattended with fatal consequences, but which created great alarm among the passengers, occurred on Monday at an early hour to the down morning express fast train on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. This train left Victoria and Blackfriars Stations at 7.30 a.m., and having amalgamated at Roper-hill proceeded on its journey for Dover. After passing through Sydenham-tunnel the train ran by Fenge Station, and was travelling over the slight embankment about a quarter of a mile beyond this spot when, from some hitherto unexplained cause, the engine left the rails, and after running for 200 yards over the sleepers and permanent way, fell upon its side down the embankment, dragging with it a second-class carriage, in which were three or four passengers, including one of the company's workmen, a gasfitter, whose leg was broken. The passengers in the first-class carriages, of whom there were about thirty, escaped injury (these carriages not having left the line), except one, an Engineer officer stationed at Chatham, whose shin was grazed. The driver and stoker of the engine heroically stuck to their posts, and were both slightly hurt, but the guard was able to proceed to Dover with most of the passengers in a special train which was sent down from Victoria immediately upon telegraphic notice of the accident reaching London.

A case of ill-treatment of an aged pauper-lunatic was investigated by the Blackburn magistrates. The offender, a man named Duckworth, has only recently been appointed "nurse" at the workhouse, and it appears that on Tuesday night he savagely beat the lunatic with a strap having at one end a large buckle. He was committed to gaol for two months.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has awarded the decoration of the Victoria Cross to Assistant-Surgeon William George Nicolas Mulev, Assistant-Sergeant William Temple, and Lieutenant Arthur Frederick Pickard, of the Royal Artillery; and to Ensign John Thornton Down and Drummer Dudley Staspole, of the 57th Regiment. In each case the award is for distinguished service in New Zealand.

General News.

A PAPER mentions that the Pope has just revived an antiquated privilege, worthy of the middle ages, in virtue of which an association known as the Fraternity of Death had a right, annually on the 1st of January, to grant a pardon to two criminals condemned to death. A charitable condition has, however, been annexed to this revival. The society is precluded from exercising its right in favour of political offenders.

A NUMBER of the ladies of Canterbury recently got up a subscription to defray the cost of placing a figure of the Dean of Canterbury in one of the new niches of the cathedral, as a tribute of the esteem entertained for the dean. So soon, however, as intimation of this intention was given to Dean Alford, he declined the proffered compliment, and suggested that the figure of Edward the Black Prince should be substituted. We understand that the dean's suggestion will be carried out.—*Kent Herald*.

"PASS ON," said a drunken corporal, leaning against a telegraph post in Harrisburg, "pass on, and don't disturb the court martial. We are trying a drunken corporal, and find him guilty of disgracing his uniform. So pass on, citizen, while I reduce the corporal to the ranks," cutting the soldier to the word by tearing the stripes from his own sleeves, and the corporal stood reduced to the ranks.—*American Paper*.

VISCOUNT AMBURY, the eldest son of the Earl Russell, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the Hon. Katherine Stanley, one of Lord Stanley of Alderley's daughters.

THE town of Périgueux three days ago received a painful shock. M. Dausel, member of the Council-General was on the point of getting his daughter married to a young gentleman of fortune. This latter, by some mischance, was stung in the arm by a venomous insect. His father, while rendering him assistance, was struck with apoplexy and expired. The person who was charged to convey the melancholy intelligence to M. Dausel executed his mission so abruptly, that the young lady, thinking that it was her intended husband who had died, was so affected that she expired in three days after from the effect of the shock.

MR. JOSEPH WILKINSON, of Bonedale, Ullswater, a veteran politician, who formerly took great interest in the election contests of Lord Brougham in Westmoreland, has just erected a stone pillar upon the mountain called Halle, in commemoration of the eighty-sixth birthday of the noble and venerable peer. The mountain on which the memorial stands commands a beautiful view of the lake of Ullswater and its surroundings. The pillar is twelve feet high, and is conspicuous enough to be seen from Cross Fell, with the aid of a good glass.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at Bath (of which city he was for many years a resident) of the death of Walter Savage Landor at Florence on the 17th inst. Mr. Landor was born on the 30th of January, 1775, and had obtained celebrity as a scholar and a poet before the end of last century. His "Imaginary Conversations" have rendered his name familiar as an accomplished litterateur.

RATHER 'OUTZ.—A Western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin-maker.—*American Paper*.

FELONY DE SE.—This somewhat unusual verdict was found on Thursday by a coroner's inquest which was held at Sheffield on the body of Esther Pritchett, who had poisoned herself on the previous Tuesday with a preparation used for destroying rats. Jos. Pritchett, the father of the deceased, said she was twenty-one years of age. She had not lived with him for three or four years, but had come back and forth when she had a mind. He could not tell how she got her living—sometimes she worked and sometimes she did not. She worked at crinoline sewing, but he suspected that part of her time she had got her living honestly. Thomas Stead, who lodged at the same house with the deceased, said she was taken ill about seven o'clock on Tuesday evening. She was writhing at the time. She tumbled back. I went to her and said, "What's amiss?" She said, "That infernal powder has poisoned me. Lord have mercy upon me." She spoke no more. I was struggling with her for more than five minutes before any one came in. She struggled violently, and twitched like. Her legs were as stiff as a poker. I was there when she died—half an hour after she began to struggle. The following letter was produced:—"Dear Mother and Father, I hope you will forgive me for what I have done. I feel I can't live any longer in this world. May the Lord help me." Two or three unintelligible words followed. The coroner briefly summed up, and left it to the jury to say if they could, consistently with the evidence, return a verdict that the deceased was in an unsound state of mind. The jury, however, after a very brief deliberation, found that the deceased had feloniously taken away her own life. The deceased was buried on Thursday night about ten o'clock, in Burgrave cemetery. The workhouse hearth was used. In order to prevent confusion, the body was removed to the workhouse in the afternoon, and the time and place of burial were kept secret.—*Sheffield Independent*.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter has the following:—"There are but few reflections as yet on the visit paid by the Emperor of Russia to the Empress Eugénie in Nassau, but this piece of politeness on the part of the Czar is not likely to create a favourable impression here. It was only the other day that the *Patrie*, I think informed its readers that the Duke of Cambridge had breakfasted at St. Cloud with Napoleon III. The conversation turned upon Russia. His Majesty probably began by asking the duke what he thought of Toulon and the rather anti-English spirit in which that great work is written. (By the way, no French papers have as yet had time to take any notice of it.) From Russia the change to Poland was easy and natural. The atrocities of the Russian Government nearly interfered with the royal appetite. Towns given to pillage, battledoor and shuttlecock played in Cossack fashion with small children and bayonets, peasants shot down or knouted, and nobles and high-born ladies sent off to get frayed and chafed in Siberia. After chatting these matters over both Emperor and royal dave declared that at least for the present any interview with the sovereign in whose name these barbarities had been committed would be impossible. Besides this valid objection on the part of Napoleon III, the Empress, whose devotion to the Court of Rome is no secret, might have found another, had she been so pleased. In the state of hostility existing between the head of the Catholic and the head of the Greek Church."

ITALY.

A most important convention has just been concluded between the Emperor of the French and the King of Italy. The parties to this convention mutually bind themselves neither to attack the Pope, nor to suffer any attack to be made upon him from the interior of his dominions. France engages to withdraw a part of the Roman garrison at once, and the remainder within two years. We suppose the effect of this engagement is to secure the Pope for the present, at least, in the possession of his temporal power, and thus to put an end for a time to the question of making Rome the capital of the peninsula. A council of generals has thereupon been summoned to consider which is the best strategical site for a provisional capital to be used until Rome can be obtained, and we understand that the council has decided in favour of Florence.

FATAL RIOTS IN TORIN.

In consequence of the intention of changing the capital of Italy from Turin to Florence, riots have broken out in the former city. The official *Gazette* publishes the following account of the disturbances which took place:—

"Serious disorders disturbed the tranquillity of the city of Turin yesterday. Towards two p.m. various crowds collected at different parts of the capital. The offices of the *Turin Gazette*, in the San Carlo-square, being made the object of one attack, a detachment of police dispersed the mob, making use of their sabres. Upon receiving intelligence of this deplorable fact, the Government immediately ordered a judicial inquiry into the conduct of the police. The riots at this spot afterwards became more threatening, and demonstrations were made against the officers of the police in the same quarter. In addition to several soldiers and their officers being injured by blows from stones, three murders had up to that time been committed—two upon persons supposed to belong to the police, the other being one of the guardians of the public safety. At this time, unfortunately, a crowd of persons armed with bludgeons and stones, some also having pistols, endeavoured to force the ranks of the squadron of carabinieri stationed in the Castle-square since the commencement of the evening. The mob endeavoured to disarm the troops, and attacked them with violence. In self-defence, and without orders, the military fired a general volley, when the crowd immediately dispersed. Ten killed and many wounded were found among the people. Twenty carabinieri were wounded with blows from bludgeons and stones, five of their number being seriously hurt. Tranquillity was finally re-established after midnight, with the assistance of several patrols and a detachment of the National Guard, which latter took up its position upon the San Carlo-square to defend the offices of the police. Later in the night a band which appeared to have formed part of the rioters who attacked the Royal Carabinieri, broke open an armourer's shop and carried off some fire-arms, with which they attacked the troops. The latter, advancing, succeeded in arresting ten persons and seizing about a score of muskets and a drum. Order has not been disturbed this morning. Numbers of troops have come in from the camp of St. Maurice, and are under the orders of General Della Rocca. The National Guard, which was unable to assemble yesterday in sufficient numbers, has been anew called under arms. It remains to be hoped that the traditional wisdom and moderation of the patriotic population of Turin, to whom the syndic of the city has issued a proclamation, will suffice, conjointly with the measures adopted by Government to deter those who, profiting by the lamentable excitement of the public mind, should dare to renew the deplorable scenes of yesterday."

Advices received from Turin contain the following details respecting the events that took place in that city on the 22nd instant.

Throughout the day great excitement prevailed, and numerous bodies of troops were stationed in the public squares. Great crowds thronged the promenades in the evening, and at ten o'clock armed bands, raising seditionary cries, attacked the carabinieri placed at the gate of the Hotel of the Police. Some shots fired from the crowd wounded two carabinieri, whereupon the troops replied with a general volley, killing twenty of the people and wounding many others. About ten of the carabinieri, including a colonel, were killed.

The crowd fled, and no attempt whatever at resistance was made, nor were any barricades erected.

The movement arose solely in the hope of thereby preventing the transfer of the capital to Florence.

The municipal council is weak and uncertain. They have published a proclamation, recommending the people to be quiet, but full of innuendoes and accusations against the Government. The National Guard has scarcely appeared at all.

The Ministry has resigned, in consequence of the late disturbances, and General della Marmora, whose portrait we give elsewhere, was requested to form a new Ministry. Our illustration on page 244 is taken from the Piazza, showing the memorial erected to the memory of the Scandinavians who fell in the Crimea.

SNAKE BITE NEUTRALIZED.—The wife of a European employed on the railway near Jemmer, in stepping out of her door late in the evening, quite recently, was bitten by a cobra a little above the right heel. Her husband, who fortunately happened to be at home, immediately sucked the wound until the blood flowed copiously, after which he bound a tight bandage some inches above the bite, which numbed the leg. He then applied a live coal to the tart, and burnt it effectually, and had scarcely concluded the operation when, happily, the down train from Kotree made its appearance, and he seized the opportunity to bring his wife to Kurroobee, where she is now under the care of Dr. Mahaffy, the staff surgeon, under whose treatment we are glad to hear the patient is getting well rapidly. Her life, however, has no doubt been saved by the energetic manner in which her husband dealt with the bite in the first instance.—*Sindian*.

THE EXAMINATION AND COMMITTAL OF MULLER.

VERDICT OF WILFUL MURDER.

On Monday, pursuant to an order issued by Sir George Grey, upon the application of the coroner before whom the lengthy inquiry has from time to time been held, Muller was taken to the Town Hall, Hackney, with the view of his identity being fully established previous to the verdict of the coroner's jury being delivered.

The late lamented Mr. Briggs, it will be remembered, resided within a stone's throw of the Town Hall, and when, therefore, it became generally known that the alleged murderer of that gentleman would be brought into the immediate neighbourhood, the fact served to rekindle the indignation of the inhabitants, who turned out in great numbers to express their abhorrence of the crime as soon as they should catch sight of the assassin. Nor was this sentiment confined to the humble classes. On the contrary, the "better-to-do" folk, whose *locus in amicus* had ensured them special tickets of admission to the court, depicted in their very countenances their entire acquiescence in the doings of the more demonstrative crowd without.

The ordinarily quiet little suburb of Hackney was fairly alive by six o'clock in the morning. Policemen in twos and threes, fully accoutred, were hastening to their rendezvous; stragglers from the surrounding districts, pipe in mouth, took up their positions on the steps of the Hall; while the postman, the milkman, or the bricklayer's labourer, would pause and gaze in profound curiosity in passing on their way. Soon after this hour the doors of the hall were thrown open, and by seven o'clock every available seat in the court was occupied by a privileged class, amongst whom were many ladies. The people outside had also considerably increased by this time, and were already congratulating themselves upon their fortune in securing "good positions," when their fondest hopes suddenly and unexpectedly melted away in the appearance of a strong body of policemen, who marched up four abreast. These men were at once wheeled into line by Mr. Superintendent Mott, detached in small bodies and disposed of in a manner that ensured the preservation of the peace, as well as the safety of the vast and rapidly increasing multitude.

Inside, not alone the court, but the entire building of the Town Hall, the excitement and eagerness to "see Muller" was something surprising—if possible, more vehement than that of the outside. The staircases and ante-rooms leading to the court were densely crowded, so much so, that it was found necessary to line these approaches with police, while in the court itself people were literally wedged together, and stood, or rather supported, each other in breathless silence till the arrival of the prisoner; and, in fact, during the whole of the examination.

As is usual at all such gatherings, "chaff" was the order of the day, and many a harmless fellow in passing through the open space kept by the police, on his way to his daily labours, came in for no enviable share.

Almost immediately after old Hackney Church had chimed the hour of eight, the whirl of wheels was heard in the distance. This was a signal for a stir, to say the least of it. A cry of "Muller is coming!" was instantly raised, which spread with lightning speed through the entire street, as well as amongst those persons who crowded the rooms and staircases inside the hall. In a moment windows became occupied with faces, the tops of houses tenanted by men in shirt-sleeves, while the crowds in the streets eagerly sought the first glimpse of the approaching vehicle.

A few minutes, however, sufficed to prove this a false alarm. It was the brougham of Mr. Humphreys, the coroner, who upon alighting straightway made for the court, and there awaited the arrival of the prisoner. A reaction succeeded this sudden spurt of excitement; and just as the multitude were settling down to their wonted chaff a second cry of "Muller is coming!" was raised, which proved this time to be the case. Here, again, all eyes centred in one direction, and a few moments disclosed to the eager gaze the sombre outline of the prison van as it advanced at a smart pace through the crowded streets amidst the execrations of the people. As the vehicle drew up in front of the Hall a tremendous rush was made against the policemen who lined the pathway, but who with good temper resisted the pressure, and by dint of perseverance succeeded in keeping the space clear. Some moments elapsed before the door of the van was opened. During this interval the excitement culminated into a perfect scuffle, and it required more than ordinary force on the part of the police to keep some of the most desperate from closing in upon the van. At last Sergeant Swindon, with a formidable bunch of keys, whose very click struck awe into the breasts of the more sensitive, went up and unlocked the door of the vehicle. Simultaneously with this act the crowd made a second desperate rush forward, and a second time they were forced back. The door was opened to the full extent of its hinges, but instead of Muller being disclosed to the public gaze, Mr. Tanner, who had charge of the prisoner, was the only person to be seen. He, with a characteristic coolness, sat a moment or so, and coolly eyed the buzzing crowd. He then deliberately descended, followed successively by Sergeant Clarke and Mr. Conihope, each of whom took up his position before the open door. Here another pause took place, and here the eager multitude, who in several instances had shown faint symptoms of saluting one of the detectives, or, as an alternative, all three, as "Muller," again hesitated in bestowing their greetings and again swayed heavily against the blue-coated barriers in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. A moment afterwards, Muller, attired in a black coat and light trousers, and wearing the wide-brimmed straw hat given him on board the Etna, stepped hurriedly from the van, and was immediately hustled, as it were, surrounded by policemen, into the Hall. This hurried movement was quite sufficient to tell the people that the man in the straw hat was Muller, and that very moment, as if by magic, tremendous yells and groans were simultaneously raised, which echoed and re-echoed within the walls of the court even after the unhappy man had reached it. In this brief transit Muller did not once raise his eyes, but appeared desirous of avoiding the searching gaze that was poured upon him from all quarters.

Following Sergeant Clarke, and followed by Inspector Tanner, Muller walked firmly up the staircase and through the ante-rooms, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed ahead, and apparently indifferent to all that was passing around him. Upon gaining the court he was accommodated with a seat, immediately behind Mr. Beard, his solicitor, with whom, in the course of the proceedings, he conversed frequently and earnestly. In the heat of conversation he more than once lost the care-worn and reserved demeanour that has hitherto characterized him. Nevertheless, his every gesture showed his desire to screen himself from the gaze of those in court. He sat nearly all the time with one of his elbows on his knee, thus causing him to bend his body, and, being seated, enabled him to keep his head below the level of the heads of those seated around, and to a great extent avoiding the general gaze.

During the summing up of the coroner, the prisoner appeared to pay implicit attention to all he said.

At half-past nine o'clock, although the learned coroner had not concluded his summing up, the prisoner was removed from the court in order to be at Bow-street by eleven o'clock. The same excitement prevailed when he left, but every precaution being taken by the police he was put safely into the van, and driven away amidst the execrations of the people.

As upon the previous occasions, Mr. Beard appeared for the pri-

soner, and Mr. Moojen watched the proceedings on the part of the relatives of the deceased. The police were represented by Inspector Kerressey and Superintendent Howie.

The court having been formally opened, George Blythe, a messenger, of Bow, deposed: I had a lodger named Muller. I saw him on the morning of Saturday, 9th July. He walked out with me on Sunday, when he wore the same dress he was in the habit of wearing. I did not notice his hat on the Sunday. I recognise the man now in court.

Mrs. Blythe identified the prisoner as the person to whom she had referred in her evidence, and stated that before he left she washed half a dozen new shirts for him.

Jonathan and Mrs. Matthews having been recalled, identified the prisoner.

John Hoffa, Police-sergeant Clarke, Inspector Tanner, and Mr. Death also identified the prisoner.

Mr. Thomas Briggs recalled: My father usually wore his necktie in a bow. At the time of the murder he wore a mourning hat-band. I believe that the hat which I have inspected is the hat of my father.

The Coroner said that that completed the evidence upon which he should ask the jury to consider the verdict, but before doing so he would read over the evidence. Having recapitulated the evidence of the whole of the witnesses, to that of Thomas Lee, the gentleman who saw the deceased in the train, together with two other men, Mr. Beard requested that that witness should be recalled.

Mr. Thomas Lee recalled.

Mr. Beard: You have told us that you saw two men in the train on the day of the murder. Do you see either of them in the room?

Witness: I cannot say.

Mr. Beard: Let me draw your attention to the prisoner. Can you say that he is one of those persons?

Witness: I cannot swear to it.

The jury suggested that the prisoner should put on the hat found in the carriage.

Mr. Beard: I should like to have the lining fastened in the hat, as I may on a future occasion like to try it upon Matthews.

The prisoner having put on the hat,

Witness said: I cannot swear to the man.

Mr. Beard: Will you be good enough to give us a description of the persons?

Witness: The man who sat by the side of Mr. Briggs appeared to be a tall, slight man, having dark whiskers. The other was a man with light hair and slightly red whiskers. That was the man who sat opposite.

Mr. Beard: About what age was he?

Witness: I don't know.

The jury: You say you only had a moment to look at him. Is it possible for you to say the colour of his whiskers?

Witness: The man sitting by the side of Mr. Briggs, I was under the impression, had black whiskers, but I cannot say whether he had any or not.

The coroner then proceeded with the evidence, at the conclusion of which,

The Coroner (to the prisoner): What is your name?

The prisoner: Franz Muller.

The Coroner: And your age?

Prisoner: Twenty-four.

The Coroner: You are not bound to make any statement, but it is perfectly competent for you to ask any question of any of the witnesses who have been examined. I must caution you, however, that anything you say will be taken down in writing to be used as evidence against you at your trial.

The prisoner: I have nothing to say now.

The Coroner (to Inspector Tanner): Under these circumstances you may remove the prisoner.

The jury, after an absence of twenty minutes, returned the following verdict:—

"That the deceased died from the effects of foul violence administered in a railway carriage on the 9th of July; and we find that Franz Muller was the man by whom the violence was committed."

The jury appended to their verdict the following:—

"The jury, whilst passing their verdict, would take this opportunity of expressing their dissatisfaction with the present state of railway accommodation, as affording facilities for the perpetration of various crimes and offences; and earnestly desire to call the attention of the Government to the subject, and to the necessity of forcing the adoption by railway companies of some more efficient system of protection to life, character, and property."

COMMittal OF THE PRISONER.

Although the people who assembled in Bow-street with the object of seeing Muller were nearly as numerous as those at Hackney, still they did not display that decided feeling against him which their greeting was anything but cordial. As upon previous occasions, strong bodies of police, under the admirable arrangement of Superintendent Durkin, kept sufficient space to admit the prisoner, and at the same time to ensure the safety of the prisoner.

The van reached Bow-street soon after ten o'clock on Monday, and having driven up to the entrance of the court, the prisoner, in charge of Inspector Tanner, immediately alighted. A sudden rush was made to see him, but as he hung his head down, it was impossible to see anything of his features. A cry of "There he is," and a mixed and confused howl—something between a groan and a howl—greeted his rapid transit from the van to the court.

Soon after his arrival he had breakfast, which consisted of about a quart of coffee and half-a-dozen thick slices of bread and butter. He appeared much to enjoy his meal, and ate with apparent relish, that would decidedly indicate a good state of health.

The limited area of the court at Bow-street precluded all possibility of the numerous applications for seats being granted. As it was, every available spot was tenanted by persons who manifested the deepest interest in the proceedings.

The prisoner, who throughout the ordeal he underwent at Hackney in the early morning deposed himself with his usual reserve and self-composure, displayed the same stolid demeanour upon being placed at the bar at Bow-street.

Mr. Giffard, instructed by Mr. Pollard, appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Beard, solicitor, of Basinghall-street, for the prisoner.

He was placed in the dock at ten minutes past eleven, when it was found but few of the witnesses had arrived from the coroner's inquest at Hackney. The prisoner maintained the appearance of stolid indifference.

Elizabeth Sarah Repsch, examined by Mr. Giffard: I remember the last time I was speaking of a conversation I had with the prisoner as to his having a new hat on. He said he had had the hat two months. His old smashed one was in the dust-box. My husband asked what he gave for the hat? He said 14s 6d. My husband said it looked more like a guinea hat. I remember his bringing a hat-box to my house about the end of last year. He then said Mr. Matthews had made him a present of the hat. He showed me the hat. I have seen the hat that has been produced here. I believe it to be the same.

The prisoner being offered a seat at once accepted the offer.

Witness continued: The hat had a striped lining, wide brown and blue stripes, with small black and white edge. I gave a description of the hat to the police before I saw it.

By Mr. Flowers: I had often seen it in Muller's possession.

By Mr. Giffard: He used to carry his letters in his hat, in the leather?

By Mr. Beard: Have you seen him do that?

Witness: Yes.

At the request of Mr. Beard, the witness Jonathan Matthews was recalled for further cross-examination.

Mr. Beard: Have you been in court all this morning?

Matthews: No; I have only been in about five minutes. I came in when I was called. I cannot tell where I was on Saturday, July 9. I do not recollect where I was that night, nor whether I was at Edmonton that day. I have been at Norwich. I dare say it was about fourteen years ago. I think it was about 1850.

Mr. Beard: You ought to know the exact date. You have reason to recollect it.

Witness: Yes; I know I have.

Mr. Beard: I shall not ask you anything more.

Eliza Matthews, wife of the last witness, examined by Mr. Giffard, said: I have known the prisoner for two years. He worked for Mr. Wilde, the tailor, in Tooley-street. Mr. Wilde is my brother-in-law. He first came to my house with Mr. Wilde. He came to my house on Monday afternoon, the 11th July, between two and three o'clock. He spoke of having been to Mr. Repsch's. He said he came direct from there. He said, "I have come to wish you good-bye, previous to my going to New York." At about four o'clock the children were coming from school. I got the tea ready.

Prisoner did not speak of my husband. He said the firm was going to send him out. He mentioned Mr. Hodgkinson's as the firm, and said he was to be paid £150 a year. He said he should like to take the money half-yearly. He told me he had met with an accident, and that the firm had paid him during his illness. He said also that they paid the doctor for him. I paid him 3s. that day for a parcel of tea he bought for me a week or two previous. My sister, Mrs. Mable, was present part of the time, and when I paid him the money she paid him 1s. 6d. After tea I noticed he had a new chain—an Albert. He took it off and showed it to me, and asked me what I thought of it. At first I thought it was not a good one, because it felt so light. I said I did not think it was a nice one as his old one.

He said it was a very nice one; he put it on his button-hole, and presented a box to my daughter. He took a box out of his pocket, and said, "That is the box belonging to the chain," and gave it to my little daughter. (The box was here produced and identified.) I noticed the name of Mr. Death on the box, and said that he was a good jeweller. My little girl had it to play with that afternoon.

I observed a ring on the prisoner's little finger; it was a plain gold ring, one with a cornelian head, and a rather prominent nose engraved on it; the head was white. I looked at the ring on his finger, and he said his father sent it from Germany. I asked him if it was a family likeness. He said, "No." He left my house at about six o'clock in the evening. I walked with him some distance towards the omnibus; he walked lame and not very fast. I bidd him good-bye. He said he should not wish me good-bye because he would come in the morning to see my husband.

In the morning, at about half-past eight, my husband knocked the little box off the table and accidentally trod on it; he picked it up and said something, and I put it in the drawer. On the Monday after, at ten o'clock at night I gave it to my husband.

James Giffard, examined by Mr. Giffard: I live at 4, Eldon-street, Finsbury. I am agent for Grinnell, Tinker, and Morgan, shipowners. They have an office at North Quay, London Docks. It opens at about nine a.m. I remember the prisoner coming there on Wednesday, July the 13th. He asked the price of a passage to New York. I told him £4. He said, "When does the ship sail?"

I said, "To-morrow." He went away then. I was on duty at that office on the previous Monday, and should have seen any one inquiring as to a passage on that day. I did not, to my recollection, see the prisoner on the previous Monday. On the Wednesday he was at the office a few moments. On the first occasion he returned at about ten o'clock. On that day he said, "I have come to pay my fare." He paid me £4. I gave him a contract ticket, which is now produced. He went away, and came again at about half-past three, to the best of my belief. He then brought his luggage, consisting of three parcels, two small and one a larger one. One was a parcel done up in canvas, about eighteen inches long by nine wide; the contents appeared to be a soft substance, but I could not say positively. He had a box, which I did not see. I refused to take care of the three parcels for him. He took them out of my office, and I told him he would have to leave them with the foreman of the docks in the shed. The next day he came down to the vessel, the Victoria. I saw him at three o'clock, when she hauled away, bound for New York. She was hauled away that afternoon to Shadwell basin. She sailed on the Friday morning I was on board, and went to Gravesend. She went on. I came ashore, prisoner being on board.

Cross-examined by Mr. Beard: I am not always at the office. I have at times business on board the ships. In my absence a German porter is there to answer any inquiries.

Thomas Bacon, assistant to Messrs Jones and Cox, having now arrived with the watch and chain spoken of by the witness Glass, produced it.

Mr. Glass identified them as those to which he had referred.

Thomas Bacon said: I took in the watch and chain I have produced on the 13th of July, for £4. I could not swear to the persons who pawned them. They were pledged in the name of Henry Glas.

Paul Digance, of 18, Royal Exchange, examined by Mr. Giffard: I am a hat manufacturer. I knew the late Mr. T. Briggs as a customer for thirty-five years. I used to make his hats according to order. On the 24th September, 1863, I took an order from him, which I find entered in my books. The hat was sent home a few days afterwards. The hat produced is the one I made. There is no doubt about it. This is a bell-crowned hat, and it was a bell-crowned hat I supplied to Mr. Briggs in 1863. I have compared the measurement of this hat with the measurement in my order, and it corresponds. The hat being at first a trifle too large for Mr. Briggs he came into the shop, and I pasted a small piece of tissue at the back underneath the leather inside. The paper has been removed, but fragments remain, showing the paper has been in the hat in the same position as I pasted it at some time or other. The hat is much lower in the crown than the one supplied to Mr. Briggs. It is not in the same condition as when it left my establishment; it has been cut down about an inch or an inch and a half. That has not been done as a hatter would do it. A hatter would refasten the brim with composition. This is stitched; it is done very neatly, but by an inexperienced hand. When a hat is made to order I usually put the name of the customer inside the hat, just at the band. That place is gone, with the part that is cut off. Mr. F. W. Thorne is the person who actually made the hats for me.

By Mr. Beard: It is not an unusual thing for me to put tissue paper in the hat, or strips of leather. They are not always in the same spot. I never saw the hat from September, 1863, till I saw it in the hands of the police. The old hats of customers are sometimes sold, sometimes given away. I do not know the prisoner at all. I have three proof hats, 14s, 15s, and 21s. The hat belonging to Mr. Briggs is a guinea hat.

By Mr. Giffard: I cannot go so far as to say this was the hat supplied to Mr. Briggs. If the price was on that has been cut off. It would be precisely similar to that supplied to Mr. Briggs.

Frederick William Thorne: I live at 46, Hatfield-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road. I am a hat manufacturer. I made the hat produced. It contains my private mark. I stitched that hat for Mr. Digance. It is not in the same condition now as when I finished it. The hat has been cut down. The work is not done as a hatter would do it. A hatter would stick it together with a hot iron and gum, and that would necessitate the use of a block. Besides, the silk around the band has been taken down for the

purpose of cutting it, and paste has been used to restick it, which hatter would not use for the purpose.

By Mr. Flowers: I should say it was neatly done, in my opinion.

Samuel Tidmarsh swore. He said: I live in Church-street, Hackney. I am a watchmaker. I knew the late Mr. Thomas Briggs for seven or eight years. He was a customer of mine. I believe I know the watch produced (watch produced). I know this was Mr. Briggs's watch. On the 6th of February, 1863, I cleaned it for him then, and I have the number in my books. Inside the case there are figures made by me in February, 1863 on the occasion of my cleaning it.

Inspector Richard Tanner swore: I am one of the inspectors of detective police. By direction of Sir Richard Mayne, on the 19th of July I accompanied Sergeant Clarke on board a vessel leaving for America. I boarded the Victoria on the 25th August in the harbour of New York, and found the prisoner on board. I placed the prisoner with nine other men in the saloon of the ship leaving Mr. Death on deck. Mr. Death then went below, and pointed out the prisoner, and said he was the man from whom he had received the chain. I left rewards sent to him in the return of a reward on the same morning. I told him I was a friend of his, and had a warrant charging him with the murder of Mr. Briggs; that he would have to undergo an examination in America, and he would have to come to England with me as a prisoner to answer the charge. I then said you have said you lost a ring? He said, "Yes, sir; if I have not lost it it must be stolen from my pocket." I said, "What kind of a ring was it? I will endeavour to have it found," and he said, "A ring with a stone in it." I said, "A red stone?" he said, "No, a white stone in it." I asked him if it was a plain stone, and he said, "No, a stone with a head on it. I bought it in Chesapeake, and gave 7s 6d for it? I don't know the name of the shop." The ring was not found. I took possession of the prisoner's effects on board. I showed him what I was taking, and he said that was all. The only missing thing was the ring. I heard the witness Giffard describe the parcel the prisoner brought to the dock. I have not been able to find any such parcel. I searched particularly for that. The prisoner said the whole of his things were in the black box, and that was not more than quarter full. I brought the prisoner to England on the 17th of September.

To Mr. Beard: I took several papers out of his box.

Mr. Beard: Then I have to apply to see those papers.

Mr. Giffard: I dare say there will be no objection. That is the case on the part of the Crown.

Mr. Beard: At the present moment I do not intend to enter into any defence on the part of the prisoner. It will all be reserved to a future day.

The names of the several witnesses were then called over, and all parties having answered to their names, they were bound over to prosecute at the next sessions to be held at the Central Criminal Court, which will be held on the 24th of October next.

The prisoner was then formally committed for trial on a charge of wilfully murdering Mr. Briggs.

Before his committal,

Mr. Flowers said, As a matter of form I now ask have you anything to say, but, as you have a legal adviser, I suppose you will say nothing.

Muller: I have nothing to say now.

The prisoner was then removed.

Throughout the entire examination there was not a single instance in which the prisoner showed any signs of depression. On the contrary, he appeared to have lost that self-consciousness of being the gaze of all gaze, and occasionally scanned the court with an apparent indifference of what was going on.

When the witnesses were called into court to be bound over the prisoner turned round, and, after taking a cursory glance at them, turned towards his solicitor, and leaning over the dock entered into earnest and animated conversation with him. In this position he continued until he was asked by the magistrate if he had anything to say why he should not be committed. This question seemed to suddenly remind him of his position, which in the heat of his conversation he had evidently for a moment forgotten. He drew himself erect, and said in a respectful tone, "I have nothing to say now," markedly emphasising the last word. He again turned to his solicitor, and again entered into conversation with the same unembarrassed freedom.

He was afterwards removed to a cell, where he had some coffee served him, and where also he had to change his clothes, it having been deemed necessary that the whole of his clothes should undergo a minute examination, with the view of ascertaining if there are any traces of blood upon them.

Previous to Muller being asked to change his clothes, others had been provided for him, and when Sergeant Clarke took them to his cell and requested him to make the change he did so with remarkable willingness simply remarking that his own trousers were made to fit without braces, but those he had substituted would not so fit him. The sergeant at once sent and bought a pair of braces for the prisoner.

The instant Muller's committal became generally known the interest hitherto manifested in him ran up many degrees—a fact that was amply exemplified by the hundreds who congregated to see him taken away in the van. Throughout the length and breadth of Bow-street there was not a window but was crowded with people four and five deep, while the street itself was completely blocked with the eager sight-seeing multitude.

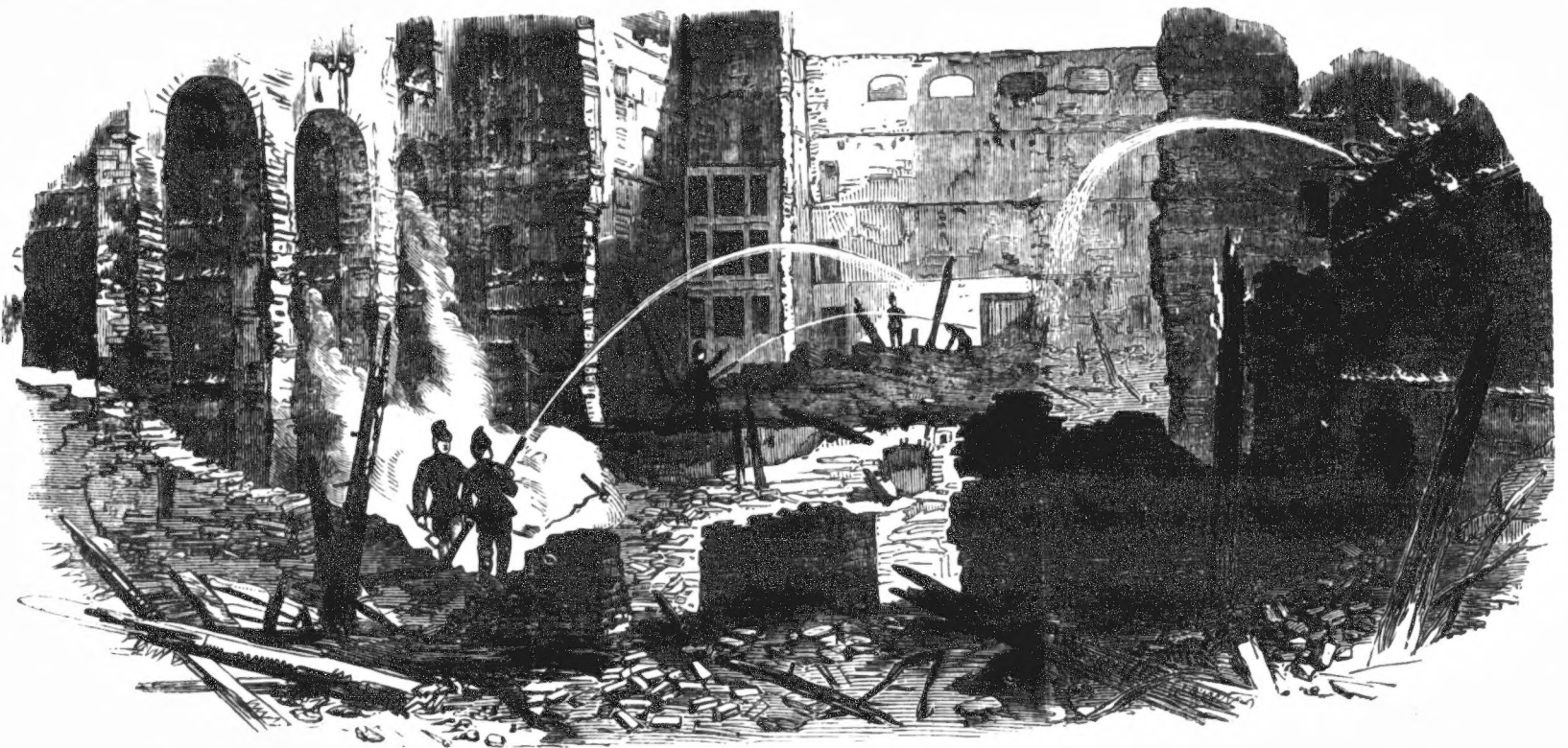
Soon after five o'clock the van drove up to the door of the court, and Muller, in charge of Superintendent Durkin, was taken outside. The moment he was seen a tremendous shout arose. He was hurried into the van, which at once drove away, and the people gradually dispersed. He will be arraigned for trial.

By a recent mail we have been furnished with an authentic sketch of Franz Muller as he was being taken up the steps of the Tomba prison, at New York, an engraving from which will be found on our first page. The particulars relative to his capture and conveyance to the Tomba have been fully detailed. We need only add that "The Tomba" is in Central America, but is the principal prison of the city, consisting of a heavy stone building in the Bay of the city, and is approached by a wide flight of steps leading to a massive portico, supported by large stone pillars.

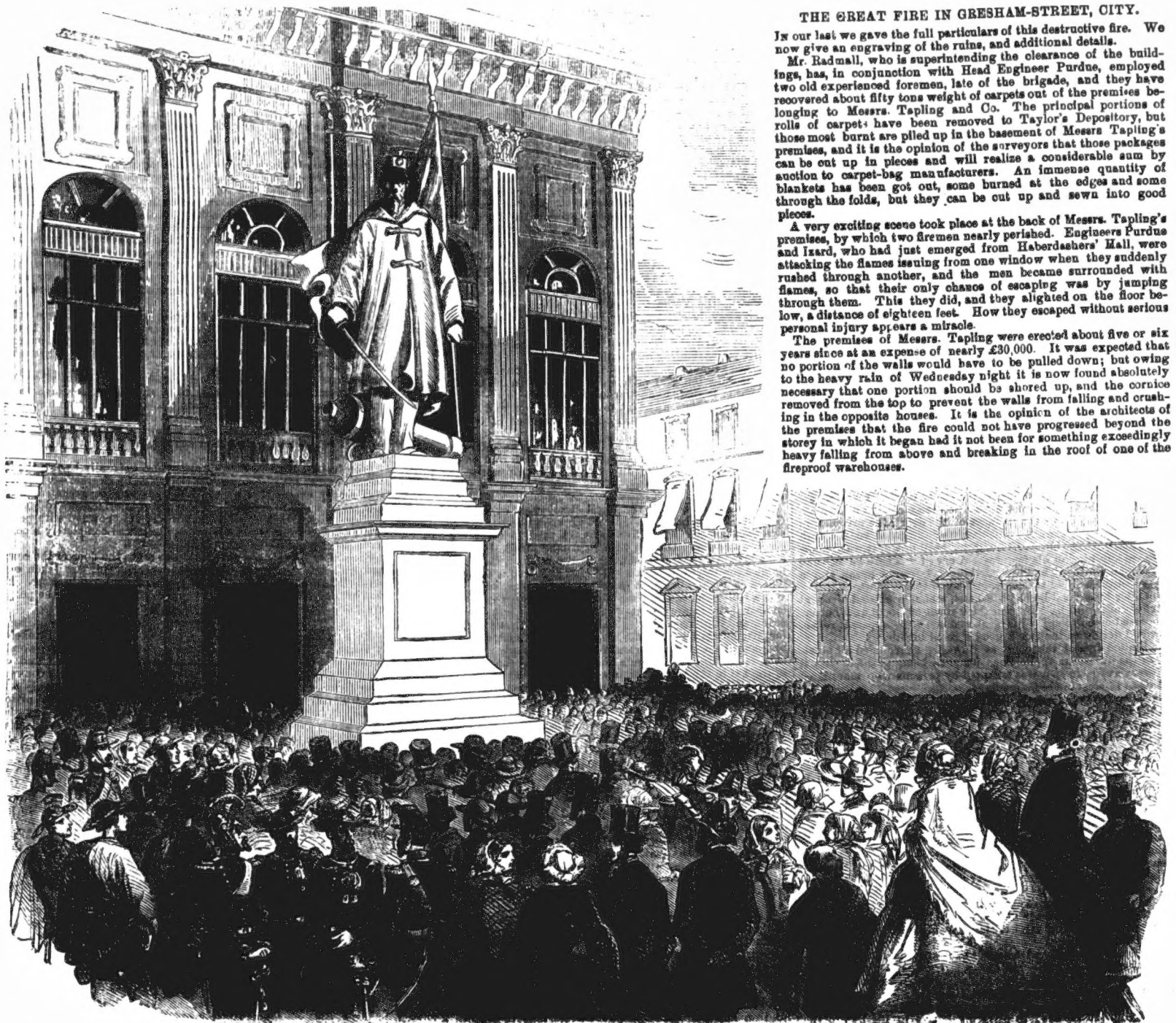
A BOY KILLED BY TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS.—At the village of Kilmacrennan there is a parish school taught by Mr. Craig. On day last week a little boy named Diver, about eleven years of age, complained of two of his schoolmates, named Diver and Gregg, for attempting to beat him. The teacher punished the lads to the offence, but, unfortunately, the matter did not end there. When going home from school on the same day the two boys, true to their threats, commenced beating the lad Diver, knocking him down and kicking him severely. The boy, on reaching home, which was hard by, complained to his parents of the treatment he had received, and, on examining his person they found him blackened all along one side. The poor boy took to bed, lingering a few days in great pain, and died on the 19th inst. The lads, who have taken away his life were instantly arrested.—*Dublin Express*.

TAKE UNCOLOURED TEAS are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with long strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use. Hence, but great demand.—*Advertisement*.

FOR TOOTHACHE, TIDDOLEUX, FACCHES, NEURALGIA, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, fourteen stamps, Kendal, chemist, Clegham-road.—*Advt.*



RUINS OF THE GREAT FIRE IN GRESHAM-STREET, CITY



THE RIOTS AT TURIN.—MEETING OF THE PEOPLE IN THE PIAZZA CASTELLO. (See page 242.)

THE GREAT FIRE IN GRESHAM-STREET, CITY.

In our last we gave the full particulars of this destructive fire. We now give an engraving of the ruins, and additional details.

Mr. Radmall, who is superintending the clearance of the buildings, has, in conjunction with Head Engineer Purdue, employed two old experienced foremen, late of the brigade, and they have recovered about fifty tons weight of carpets out of the premises belonging to Messrs. Tapling and Co. The principal portions of rolls of carpet have been removed to Taylor's Depository, but those most burnt are piled up in the basement of Messrs Tapling's premises, and it is the opinion of the surveyors that those packages can be cut up in pieces and will realize a considerable sum by auction to carpet-bag manufacturers. An immense quantity of blankets has been got out, some burned at the edges and some through the folds, but they can be cut up and sewn into good pieces.

A very exciting scene took place at the back of Messrs. Tapling's premises, by which two firemen nearly perished. Engineers Purdue and Izard, who had just emerged from Haberdashers' Hall, were attacking the flames issuing from one window when they suddenly rushed through another, and the men became surrounded with flames, so that their only chance of escaping was by jumping through them. This they did, and they alighted on the floor below, a distance of eighteen feet. How they escaped without serious personal injury appears a miracle.

The premises of Messrs. Tapling were erected about five or six years since at an expense of nearly £30,000. It was expected that no portion of the walls would have to be pulled down; but owing to the heavy rain of Wednesday night it is now found absolutely necessary that one portion should be shored up, and the cornice removed from the top to prevent the walls from falling and crushing in the opposite houses. It is the opinion of the architects of the premises that the fire could not have progressed beyond the storey in which it began had it not been for something exceedingly heavy falling from above and breaking in the roof of one of the fireproof warehouses.

OPENING OF ASTON HALL AND PARK.

The purchase by the Town Council of Birmingham of Aston Hall and park as a "free" place of recreation for the inhabitants, having been completed, the keys were the week before last handed to the mayor, Mr. William Holliday, who took formal possession of it. On Thursday afternoon, the 22nd, the formal transfer of the property to the municipal body was celebrated by a banquet given by the mayor in the great gallery of the hall—a fine old mansion of the Elizabethan era, in excellent repair. The guests numbered about two hundred persons, and included the members of the council, several of the county gentry, the borough officials, and some of the leading inhabitants of Birmingham.

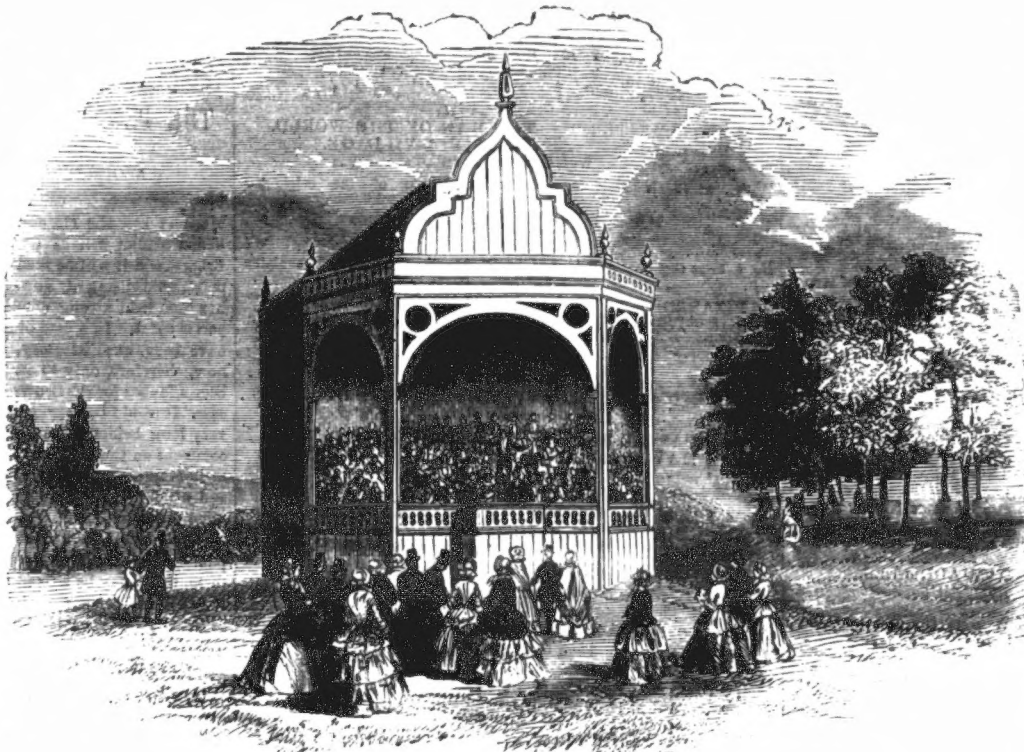
We this week give an engraving of the exterior of the hall, the grand banquet, the orchestra in the park, and the tablets in honour of the Holte family in Aston Church.

The following is a brief history of Aston Hall, and how it became the people's property will prove interesting:—

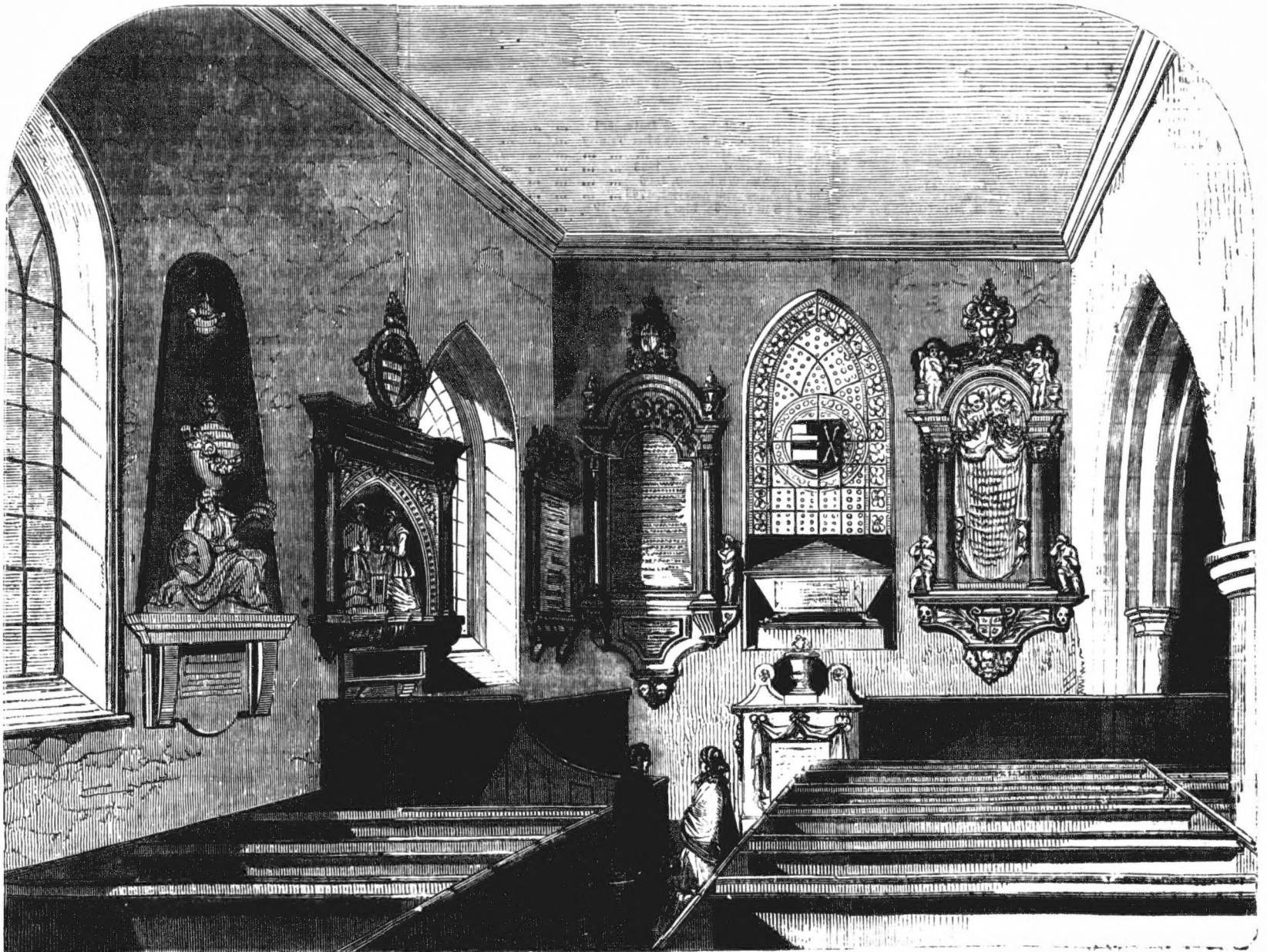
Aston Hall is situated in the midst of a beautiful park on a gently rising hillock, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. It is a noble mansion, built in the later Elizabethan style. Mr. Thomas Holte, who built it, was made one of the Ulster Knights by King James the First, and he began, according to the inscription still existing, and legible over the door of the entrance hall, "to build this house in April in anno Domini 1688, the sixteenth year of the reign of King James of England, &c. and of Scotland, the one-and-fiftieth; and the said Sir Thomas Holte came to dwell in this house in May, in anno Domini 1691, in the seventh year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King Charles; and he did finish this house in April, anno Domini 1691, in the eleventh year of the reign of the said King Charles. LAYS DEO." This "house," which Sir Thomas Holte was seventeen years in building, is one of the best specimens of the later Elizabethan mansions now remaining in England. It is built in the usual shape of the letter E, having a central line and two wings. On each side, as an advanced guard, is a small square building, connected with the

wings by a wall having an ornamental coping. The chief features of the wings are two large embayed windows to the front, with thin pierced parapets, and the lofty towers, surmounted by closed ogee-roofs of a dome-like character. These towers advance considerably into the quadrangle, of which the whole forms three sides, and have their two lower storeys divided by horizontal string-courses or mouldings, are carried round the greater portion of the building, and, indeed, form an important feature. Each of the towers has an entrance on the ground floor, consisting of a square pannelled door, under a semicircular arch, encircled with a

large shell ornament, and flanked by flat shallow fluted pilasters, having plain capitals, and high square bases ornamented with sunk panelling. The ornamental carved gables of the wings, combined with various groups of octagonal chimneys, give a picturesque and pleasing appearance to the whole. Through the mutations of fortune and time, Aston Hall and park departed from the Holtes, and was sold. The purchasers were the Messrs. Greenway and Groves, bankers, Warwick; and from these gentlemen the people of Birmingham purchased the estate. The purchase-money for the Hall and about forty-three acres of land was £35,000; and it was proposed to raise £42,000, by shares of one guinea each, these shares to be payable by half-crown calls. The working men entered heartily into the proposals. They appointed a committee to act in conjunction with the gentlemen who originated the scheme, and the work was begun, and after considerable difficulties, ultimately completed, and opened by her Majesty and Prince Albert in June, 1858, though, as will be seen above, the final transfer did not take place till the other week. Aston Church is one of the most interesting sacred edifices in Warwickshire. The church, according to Dugdale, was given to the monastery of Newport Pagnall in Buckinghamshire by Gervase Paganell, Baron of Dudley and lord of the manor in the time of Henry II; and appropriated to the monastery of Richard Peche, then bishop of the diocese. This appropriation Hubert, Abbot of Canterbury, shortly afterwards confirmed. But the monks of that house thought not their title very secure until they got a ratification thereof from Giles de Erdington, for which he and his heirs were made partakers of all the prayers and pious works to be performed in that monastery for ever. The visit of the Queen and the lamented Prince Albert to Aston Hall will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Birmingham; and as a reminiscence of that joyful day we introduce an engraving, on page 249, of the banquet given on that occasion, when, from Birmingham to Aston Hall, presented a continued scene of galleries and triumphal arches.



THE ORCHESTRA AT ASTON PARK.



TABLETS IN MEMORY OF THE HOLTE FAMILY AT ASTON CHURCH.

MAGNIFICENT PICTURE—GRATIS.

No. 1 of the new Series of
"BOW BELLS,"
Now Publishing, is
ENLARGED TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.
With this Number is
PRESENTED, GRATIS,
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THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
Drawn by the celebrated artist, L. Huard, and issued on tinted plate paper,
for framing, to our readers. The descriptive Poem is by
ELIZA COOK.

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A NEW WALTZ,
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which will be continued weekly.
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composed by W. H. Montgomery; the Poetry by
ELIZA COOK.

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STANDARD OF ENGLAND QUADRILLES.
Dedicated to Lord Ranelagh and the English Volunteers.
With No. 7 is presented the
PECO POLKA.

With No. 8 is
PRESENTED, GRATIS,
Another Eight-Page Supplement, comprising all the Newest Fashions and
Patterns of Needlework, direct from Paris.
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* * The attention of our readers is specially called to the above-mentioned
novelties.
OBTAINABLE—No. 1, New Series, contains Twenty-four Pages, Nine
Magnificent Original Pictures, and is accompanied by the Picture of the
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.
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BOW BELLS,
For August 3rd, contains an entirely new and original Poem by ELIZA
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BOW BELLS,
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THE BOW BELLS WALTZ.
Composed expressly for this Periodical by W. H. MONTGOMERY, with
whom a permanent engagement is made.

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For August the 3rd, contains the opening chapters of an Original Tale,
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By the author of "WOMAN'S WORDS," "DORE RIVERSDALE"
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Comprising the newest patterns of embroidery, &c., just obtained from Paris.
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Illustrated by Wilson.

BOW BELLS,
For August the 3rd, contains
PICTURESQUE SKETCHES.
Illustrated by Palmer.

BOW BELLS,
For August the 3rd, contains a Portrait, with LIFE and MEMOIR of our
most celebrated English Poetess,
ELIZA COOK.

BOW BELLS,
For August the 3rd, contains the commencement of the New Story of
THE DISCARDED WIFE.
By the author of "THE PRINCE," Illustrated by PALMER.

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publishing by WALLER GOODALL of
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With descriptive letter press.

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MIND LABOURING VARIETIES, WITTY and HUMOROUS, SAYINGS and DOINGS,
NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c., &c.

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For August the 3rd. Every Lady in the Kingdom should purchase this
Number, which contains a variety of information tending to amuse and
instruct the mind. THE WORK TABLE, THE TOILETTE and LADIES' GUIDE,
ORIGINAL MUSIC, PORTFOLIO GAMES, HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS (General and
Domestic); and a large amount of information for the ladies than can be
found in any other publication in the world.

BOW BELLS,
Important Notice to the Ladies: A coloured steel engraving of the PARIS
FASHIONS for the Month of September will be presented Gratis to every
purchaser of the Monthly Part, to be published August 31st.
NOTICE.
Enlarged to Twenty-four pages, with Nine Engravings, and Magnificent
coloured Picture of THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, GRATIS,
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With which is Presented, GRATIS, Portraits of the celebrated
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No. 2, Price One Penny, Published on Wednesday, August 10th, contains
FIVE COMPLETE PLAYS—
PIZZARRO. DOUGLAS.
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. THE DEVIL TO PAY.
THE ADOPTED CHILD.
With Five Illustrations.

No. 3, Price One Penny, Published on Wednesday, August 17th, contains
FOUR COMPLETE PLAYS—
THE CASTLE SPECTRE. THE ROAD TO RUIN.
THE MAYOR OF GARRETT. THE INCONSTANT.
With Four Illustrations.

No. 4, Price One Penny, Published on Wednesday, August 24th, contains
FOUR COMPLETE PLAYS—
THE REVENGE. THE RIVALS.
THE JEALOUS WIFE. MIDAS.
With Four Illustrations.

No. 5, Price One Penny, Published on Wednesday, August 31st, contains
FOUR COMPLETE PLAYS—
STRANGER. VENICE PRESERVED.
GUY MANNERING. FACIAL CURIOSITY.
With Four Illustrations.

No. 6, Price One Penny, Published on Wednesday, September 7th, contains
FOUR COMPLETE PLAYS—
A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. THE HONEYMOON.
THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER. THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
With Four Illustrations.

No. 7, Price One Penny, Published on Wednesday, September 14th, contains
THREE COMPLETE PLAYS—
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. THE IRON CHEST.
GEORGE BARNWELL.
With Three Illustrations.

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illustrations and portrait of the author, now publishing.
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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. S.	
			A. M.	P. M.
1	8	Repeal of the Paper Duty, 1861	2 12	2 29
2	9	Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity	2 43	2 57
3	10	Old St. Matthew	3 13	3 29
4	11	Bishop Heber died, 1833	3 44	4 1
5	12	Kirke White died, 1806	4 17	4 32
6	13	Peace with America, 1783	4 50	5 9
7	14	San rises 6a. 13m.; sets, 5b. 19m.	5 24	5 52

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Dan. 3; St. Mark 5. Dan. 6; 2 Cor. 1.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents finding their queries unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

* * All communications for the Editor must contain name and address.
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS,
313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
News from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr.
DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
Subscription is 3s. 6d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly
requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-
dicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom
for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a
quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may
remit a subscription of 3s. 2d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313,
Strand.

S. M.—For deafness you had better consult Mr. Harvey, who has paid
great attention to that malady, at the Dispensary, in Dean-street, Soho.
His private residence is at No. 2, Soho-square.

E. M.—Miss O'Neill commenced her dramatic career as early as her twelfth
year; she appeared in the character of Juliet, in 1814 at Covent-garden.
She was considered quite equal to Mrs. Siddons in many characters.
Mrs. Siddons's great powers were in displaying a lofty imagination and
commanding intellect; Miss O'Neill, in extreme sensibility.

EMBARRASSED.—Send us your address and we will recommend you a re-
spectable London solicitor. An ordinary case of divorce costs about
thirty pounds.

B. W.—It will make but little difference what text books you use in study-
ing Latin and Greek. The main thing is your own industry; and the
next, a good teacher. If you have a consuming thirst for knowledge,
and do your very best, you will get on rapidly, even with poor books and
poor teachers.

W. G.—You and your friend are both utterly mistaken in regard to having
seen the story to which you refer published in a book two years ago.
The story is original, and if you can find it in any book, we will give you
one hundred guineas for a copy of the work containing it.

K. F.—Lord Byron will rank second only to Pope or Milton, in the records
of British genius; he wrote much in his short career of eighteen publish-
ing years, and died at only thirty-nine, in 1824, after a life of mental
anxiety and adverse adventure; yet every stanza, true or false in senti-
ment, bespeaks a maturity of mind such as few writers, ancient or
modern, have displayed. He was as popular as Scott, though totally in-
dependent, and regardless of all parties.

A. A.—Apprentices in the merchant service do not rank so high as mid-
shipmen, and do not pay such a high premium. In some services
they pay no premium at all, and are treated but little better than the
common sailors. They however have a chance of rising to become
officers.

A. M.—A good double-barrel gun would cost about £3; a Colt's revolver
would cost about £3 10s. You ask if we think you could get "a place"
in Canada or New Zealand? What sort of a place do you mean? If
you mean a clerk's situation, we think not.

S. H.—If the plan you have adopted, of reading some work aloud and
deliberately for an hour or two at a time, has not cured you of lisping,
we are totally unable to suggest any other remedy.
H. W.—It is not legal for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. In
fact it is no marriage at all, and the children are illegitimate.
CLAUDE.—A law clerk should not think of emigrating to New Zealand.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

MONDAY saw the close of the preliminary proceedings by which
Franz Muller will be put upon his trial for the murder of Mr.
Briggs, and it will be seen that both by the coroner's jury and the
magistrate sitting at Bow-street the evidence for the prosecution
has been held strong enough to justify the investigation of a su-
perior court. In a case of such importance any other result would
have been unsatisfactory, and, indeed, impossible; and we have
now, therefore, only to await that test of the evidence which has
been adduced for the Crown which will lead to the final decision of the
case. It would be improper at such a moment, and when it cannot be
very long before the case will be finally disposed of, to make any
comment on the evidence for the prosecution. As far as it goes, its
main features have been for some time in possession of the public;
and whatever we may think of them, it must be steadily borne in
mind that they show us only one side of the case, and that Franz
Muller has yet to make his defence. In the minds of the general
public, who may be said rather to receive ideas than to examine
them, there may be a fixed impression that Muller can have nothing
to say in his defence against the facts brought forward on behalf
of the Crown. But it should be remembered that the case against
him rests wholly on circumstantial evidence, and that many of
those circumstances which carry conviction to men who read as
they run may admit of explanation. Every fact which can be ex-
plained will of course lessen the weight of others, and help to make
them be regarded with suspicion; while it is, however, to be borne
in mind that the *onus probandi* does not lie upon Muller to prove his
innocence, but upon the prosecution to show his guilt.

THERE are few subjects more interesting or more disputed than
the policy which ought to guide this country in providing for the
contingency of an invasion. Safety is a comparative term, and it
may well be conceded that it would be possible so to state the
question on either side as to fall into an absurdity. To contem-
plate, for instance, the coalition of three first-rate naval Powers
against Great Britain, and to keep up a fleet capable of engaging
them all at once, would be like a householder arming himself
against a possible conspiracy of all his neighbours to murder him.
On the other hand, to leave not only our coasts but our arsenals
open to a surprise would be like leaving the doors of the Bank of
England unlocked and unwatched by night. Some reasonable com-
promise must be made between perfect security and absolute in-
security, and that which Lord Palmerston indicates is perhaps the
best that can be suggested. Our first reliance must always be on
our navy, and Mr. Cobden has himself admitted that England can-
not, with justice to herself, allow any rival to possess a fleet supe-
rior to her own. "We live," as Lord Palmerston says, "in an
island accessible to any invader who might chance to land upon
our shores at almost every point of our large maritime circum-
ference." This is of course true; but it is also true that no enemy
could undertake such an enterprise with the slightest hope of
success, unless he could command the Channel—not for twelve
or twenty-four hours only, but for a week or ten days at the
least. It is often said that steam has narrowed the
Channel by half, and made it possible to concentrate
troops at a given point for a hostile expedition with
marvellous rapidity. But if steam has thus facilitated
attack, has it done nothing for defence? Where would the
boasted impregnability of our wooden walls have been if Nelson
had been driven by a storm to leeward of an invading squadron?
What could the valour of our 300,000 or 400,000 volunteers have
availed in 1804 if the 150,000 men of the "army of England" had
managed to land at some spot remote from martello towers, and a
day's march from the nearest head-quarters? The power which
enables us to place our ironclads, in spite of wind or tide, exactly
where they are wanted, and to assemble our small body of
regular troops with thousands of volunteer auxiliaries, within a
few hours, at any threatened point, has augmented our means of
resistance more than it has augmented our liability to attack. Not
that this consideration diminishes the force of Lord Palmerston's
remarks on the value of fortifications, which he strenuously advo-
cates, particularly for the protection of the dockyards. Admitting
that it would be idle to aim at making ourselves invulnerable
everywhere, he justly insists, as he has insisted before, that naval
dockyards and arsenals must be placed beyond the reach of a *coup
de main*. The wisdom of this is obvious. Not only are these the
places where the greatest injury could be inflicted upon us, but
that injury might be inflicted by a force immeasurably inferior in
strength to that which would be required for an organized descent
upon the coast. To dash at Portsmouth and do irreparable damage
to our naval resources would be a comparatively easy affair if it
were inadequately protected. It would require no flotilla of trans-
port ships, no cumbersome commissariat, no elaborate arrangements
for the landing of guns, stores, and baggage. Upon this principle
we have proceeded, and when these vital parts are sufficiently
protected we may leave the guarding of our coast-line to our
navy.

The Court.

Her Majesty has distributed among the farmers and crofters in
the neighbourhood of Orkney copies of "The Principal Speeches
and Addresses of his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort."
Earl Russell, who has been in attendance on the Queen at Bal-
moral as member of the Cabinet, left her Majesty on Saturday for
Aberdeen. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone succeeds the noble
earl in attendance on her Majesty.

A PARIS correspondent says that the Emperor Napoleon has
tried the Banting system for some time, with a very visible
result.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DENMARK.

A LETTER from Copenhagen, dated Sept. 19th, contains the following further account of the doings of the royal couple:—

"It was arranged that the Prince and Princess should visit the city to-day, and commence their inspection of the various objects of interest peculiar to this ancient capital. All eyes were therefore early turned to the clouds, and it must be acknowledged that the survey was by no means encouraging. The wind had certainly gone down, and the temperature was warmer than for some days past, but a slight drizzling rain was falling, accompanied by a sort of foggy haze, which made the inexperienced fear that it was to be another Danish day. The better weather judges, however, and especially the sailors, said that all unpleasantness would clear away by twelve o'clock, and the misty veil be entirely withdrawn from the sun. They were right, and, as people are never satisfied in such matters, the complaint of most to-day has been that the heat was too intense and oppressive. It is certainly a fault on the right side in this country, though assuredly it would be better if the great luminary would make a more equal distribution of his favours. But no sooner was the sun seen to shine and the fogs to dry than numerous small groups began to assemble at the corners of the streets where the royal visitors might be expected to pass. Not knowing by what approach the royal party would arrive, I was walking quietly up the Bragade, when I saw crossing the head of the street in the large square of Kongens Nytorv a well-dressed gentleman in a neatly-made black or dark blue walking-coat and light trousers, with drab hat and lavender coloured gloves. He was chatting freely with an officer in uniform, and smoked his cigar from time to time as he went. I thought I recognised the tall and peculiarly graceful figure, and walking fast into the square I saw hats removed as the gentleman passed by. It was his Majesty the King, going on foot, in the midst of his people, and in the most crowded part of his capital, to meet his daughter and son-in-law at Rosenborg Castle, the curiosities of which old palace of Christian IV they were about to explore. I thought his Majesty was certain to know the shortest route to the point of interest, so, having duly uncovered as he passed the street, I took the liberty of walking after him at a respectful distance, and I must at once acknowledge, if his Majesty's subjects generally used tobacco similar to that of the royal smoker, that one of the chief nuisances of this country would be greatly mitigated, if not removed. He walked across the square, and took the kerb-stone—the only smooth walking-place—of Gøttersgade, a long street leading in a straight line to the little park of Rosenborg. I could not help admiring the excellent manners and thorough propriety of conduct of the King's subjects. His own capital was not made a nuisance to him by crowding and vulgar curiosity, and royalty was evidently not here, as in other countries, alone denied that freedom of walking the public ways which the meanest beggar possesses. Those on the opposite side of the way generally, as they passed, had the good taste not to affect to notice his Majesty while taking his private stroll, though it was evident they knew him well, for most people stood and looked back after he had passed, probably to note where his way lay, in order to gain indirect intelligence as to the point to which the Prince and Princess might be making progress at the moment. The gentlemen who went by the King on the same side always took off their hats on passing, and a few stood still near the wall, uncovered, while he moved on. They did no more than his Majesty did himself, for his hat was off almost as soon as those who saluted him uncovered. There is a quick eye and a natural courtesy very peculiar to Christian IX on such occasions. When the King had walked up the Gøttersgade some distance he turned suddenly to the right into the Kronprindsesgade, and entered the open gateway of Rosenborg Park. This enclosure, or public garden, is pretty retired, though almost in the midst of the city, and, if drained and well kept, could be made a delightful pleasure-ground for the citizens. The ancestors of the present inhabitants, or their old kings, have already done their best in planting beautiful trees, which have now become ancient and of great growth. Money can do much, but it cannot speedily produce the most lovely ornaments of the park or the pleasure ground. The King crossed the grounds, looked for a moment at the pond and fountain, pondering probably whether in more leisurely times he would not make an effort to improve both, and passed up a narrow way, coming out on the road which runs by the city walls and the ramparts, and then quickly turned into what is supposed to be the grand entrance to the castle. It is but a poor passage at this side, and leads under the arch of the enclosure, where stables have been erected as it purposely to form an eyecore to the otherwise peculiar and very handsome building. At the inner entrance of these stables the loose taste of old Christian IV had allowed two female figures of very questionable modesty of position to be erected. They still remain there in all their singular suggestiveness of form, and if the Prince of Wales happened to cast up his eyes as he left the place he would probably bear away with him an amusing recollection of these strange statues. Around the outer gate there was a small crowd collected of well-dressed people, and, as usual, a single policeman was on duty, and was quite sufficient to keep the most perfect order amongst this gentle and orderly people. The rest of the royal party had anticipated the King, and had arrived a few minutes before his Majesty. I have now to keep my eye on the group coming down the narrow stairs and preparing to issue forth from the small arched door to the carriages drawn up before the steps. The ladies come first, and the Queen, wearing to-day a pretty black chip bonnet with a slight edging of white in the trimming, is handed into the carriage. The lady in the purely white bonnet, who so cheerfully smiles on all around her, and converses with them, is, of course, the Princess of Wales. She and her mother (who really looks in youth and prettiness to be her sister) occupy the back seat, facing the horses. Opposite are the Princess Dagmar, in a pretty-looking hat, and looking as arch, as animated, and as beautiful as ever, and her little brother, Prince Valdemar, and the little Princess Thyra by her side. The young prince is a boy of wonderful liveliness. He stood on the door-steps a few minutes before the others of the illustrious party came out, and not for a moment were his fine eyes quiet. He looked at everything up and down, and at all sides with great curiosity, and wound up at last by making strange, imitable funny faces at two old ladies, who had got inside and were staring at him from the walk. When the royal ladies drove off through the outer gate, where we could see every hat raised as they passed through the crowd in the street and on the ramparts, a small open carriage came before the door, and the Prince of Wales, looking extremely well in his drab paletot and black hat, took his seat with the Crown Prince of Denmark by his side. The next carriage conveyed the venerable and respected Prince of Hesse, her Majesty's father, and Prince John, the brother of the King. It was the first time I saw assembled together so many of the present Danish royal family. I do not recollect seeing the King in any of the carriages, and I think it probable his Majesty returned as he came, smoking his cigar in a quiet stroll through the streets. Every one was delighted to see the Queen in the midst of her charming daughters, as she drove through the city, and she must have been indeed happy, not alone because it was likely all three would wear, some day, in all probability, imperial or royal crowns, but chiefly from seeing them in their beauty, and their intelligence, and their goodness. Like our own good Queen Victoria, the Queen of Denmark ought to be a proud woman when she looks round on such a family. The royal party now drove rather slowly through the city, respectfully received by the numerous people who had grouped themselves in all the open spaces, to the palace of the Princess of Anhalt. Her royal highness had a splendid luncheon—or, indeed, I had heard it called a breakfast—prepared for her illustrious

relatives. More than an hour was given to rest at this palace, and then again the carriages were in readiness, and conveyed the royal party to the Gallery of Northern Antiquities, near the Thorwaldsen Museum. The same cordial and hearty reception everywhere met them in their new tour through the city. There seemed to be an ardent wish to welcome the Princess, and, almost still more, a curiosity to see, and a strong impulse to cheer, the Prince of Wales wherever he was recognised."

A Copenhagen letter has the following:—"From a late hour on Monday, all Monday night, and at break of day on Tuesday, the crowd of persons anxious to obtain tickets for last night's performance at the opera was growing in numbers, until at last the *quais* fairly stretched across the spacious Kongens Nytorv. Even there the number of the disappointed was very great, for many of those who had purchased tickets did so only with a view of retelling them again, and the consequence was, as the day advanced, that for tickets which at the bureau had cost ten marks, or about 4s. English, £1 and upwards was paid in the course of the afternoon. Some few persons more liberally-minded towards strangers did indeed consent to part with their tickets at an advance of 100 or 200 per cent., but were regarded by those 'in the trade' as guided by wholly erroneous principles, and acting probably with ulterior motives. The performances commenced at seven o'clock, with a short comedy called 'Intrigues,' and shortly after that hour the house was filled in every part so closely indeed that one had occasion to wish more than once during the evening that the architect, in the views binding him with regard to ventilation, had been less fixed in the idea that he was building for a cold climate. The house is calculated for the accommodation of 1,200 people, and on this occasion its capacity was tested to the utmost. The seats, however, once they have been reached, are sufficiently roomy and comfortable. In point of decoration there is much to be said. The interior wears a neat, cheerful appearance, without much attempt at display; and, with regard to lighting, there is a curious arrangement by which the great chandelier is drawn up into the roof during the time that it is desirable to concentrate light upon the stage, and let down again between the acts. The royal party had not been looked for till the commencement of the ballet, but before the first piece, lasting somewhat over half an hour, had been half played through they were observed to enter and take their seats in the royal box, at the left-hand side of the house. The visit was understood, and indeed stated, to be a private one, consequently no demonstration of any kind was made upon their entrance. The King sat next the stage, with the Princess of Wales beside him; the Queen, in like manner, had the Prince of Wales at her right hand; he, therefore, sat nearest to the body of the house, in a position from which he could be generally seen. The Crown Prince of Denmark and the Princess Dagmar occupied seats in the same box, a little from the back. In the corresponding box, at the other side of the house, were the Landgrave of Hesse and Prince Hesse of Glücksburg, with the principal ladies in attendance upon the royal party—namely, the Countess Reventlow, Countess Spencer, Madame Bille, and the Countess de Grey and Ripon. For the other members of the English and Danish suites who were not able to find room in either state box, places were reserved at the ends of the dress circle nearest to their own party. The ballet, in four acts, arranged by Hof-ballet Master Bourdonville, and entitled 'Valkyrien,' commenced about eight o'clock. It was admirably put upon the stage. The beauty of the dresses, the well-sustained pantomime, and the continual crowding of the stage with most effective tableaux, prevented the interest from flagging for a moment. As a spectacle, the Copenhagen ballet may have lacked some of the grandeur of La Scala or the completeness in point of scenery of a few German theatres; but there is one point in which the stage in Denmark stands pre-eminent, and this deserves to be mentioned. Through the measures adopted by the management, to belong to the *corps de ballet* at the Hof Theatre, instead of being a reproach, is an honourable employment. The dresses and dances are such as would be seen with pleasure by many minds which in other capitals rather endure than admire the ballet. The *danseuses* are brought to the theatre and sent home again in carriages hired by the state; and, lastly, there are pensions for those who have served for a given number of years. At the close of the performances, and as the royal party rose to leave the house, a voice cried out in Danish, 'Long live the Prince and Princess of Wales!' It was an anxious moment, and more than one face among the royal party was listening with evident anxiety for the result of this appeal to a mixed assembly. It came in no doubtful tones, but in a standing volley of cheers from all parts of the house, again and again repeated, the orchestra, as if catching the general enthusiasm, swelling the uproar with a *pos de charge*. The Prince and Princess bowed their acknowledgments and retired from the house; but outside there was even a more astonishing reception, a crowd, roughly estimated at 10,000 to 15,000—some estimates place it at 20,000—persons surrounded the theatre and lining the avenues through which the royal carriages had to pass. It was necessary for these to pass at a walking pace, and both on leaving the theatre and as they drove in the direction of Bernstorff the manifestations of popular enthusiasm were frequent and enthusiastic."

OUTRAGE ON LADIES.—The *Dundee Advertiser* publishes a correspondence that has taken place between Sir John S. Richardson, of Pitfour Castle, and Messrs. Patullo and Thornton, respecting an outrage committed on three young ladies at a bazaar recently held at Pitlochry. From a narrative of the case given in the *Advertiser*, it appears that the ladies, who are members of respectable families in Dundee and Perth, paid a visit to the bazaar, and made several purchases. While doing so, a cry that there were pickpockets in the place was raised, and those present examined their pockets to see whether they had been picked. Shortly afterwards the three ladies alluded to went out, and after walking about for some time returned, when they were apprehended, and taken, notwithstanding their protests, to a small tent adjoining, where their outer garments were searched, but as this resulted in the discovery of nothing that could lead to conviction, the ladies were taken to the police-station in charge of three policemen. Between the bazaar and the station the ladies were treated as if there was no doubt of their being regular pickpockets, and on arriving at the station they were compelled to strip themselves in the presence of a policeman's wife, who searched everything they had on. It was only after this that the policemen became satisfied of their mistake, and liberated the ladies. Messrs. Patullo and Thornton were employed as agents for one of the young ladies, and in this capacity they addressed a letter to Sir John Richardson—who, it was alleged, had caused the apprehension of the ladies—calling upon him to make due apology and ample reparation to their clients. Sir John emphatically denies, in the correspondence, having ever interfered in the matter, or been in any way responsible for it, and feeling aggrieved at being charged with an offence, with which he says he had nothing whatever to do, he has published the correspondence.

KILLED FOR KISSING.—A sad tragedy has been enacted at a ball at Ophir City. Charles M. Plum, a printer, and used to work in the *Pink* office in Washoe, was dancing with a young lady, when, in a sportive manner, he kissed her. Her brother, who was close by, immediately drew a clasp-knife and stabbed Plum to the heart, who instantly fell dead. We knew the deceased intimately, and always found him a quiet, good-dispositioned, light-hearted young man.—*Old Pink* (Virginia City).

FOR EVERY HOME.—An *EXQUISITE FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE* is the simplest, cheapest and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Write and send 14s. HOBSON BROS., London. Manufacturers, Ipswich.—(Advertisement.)

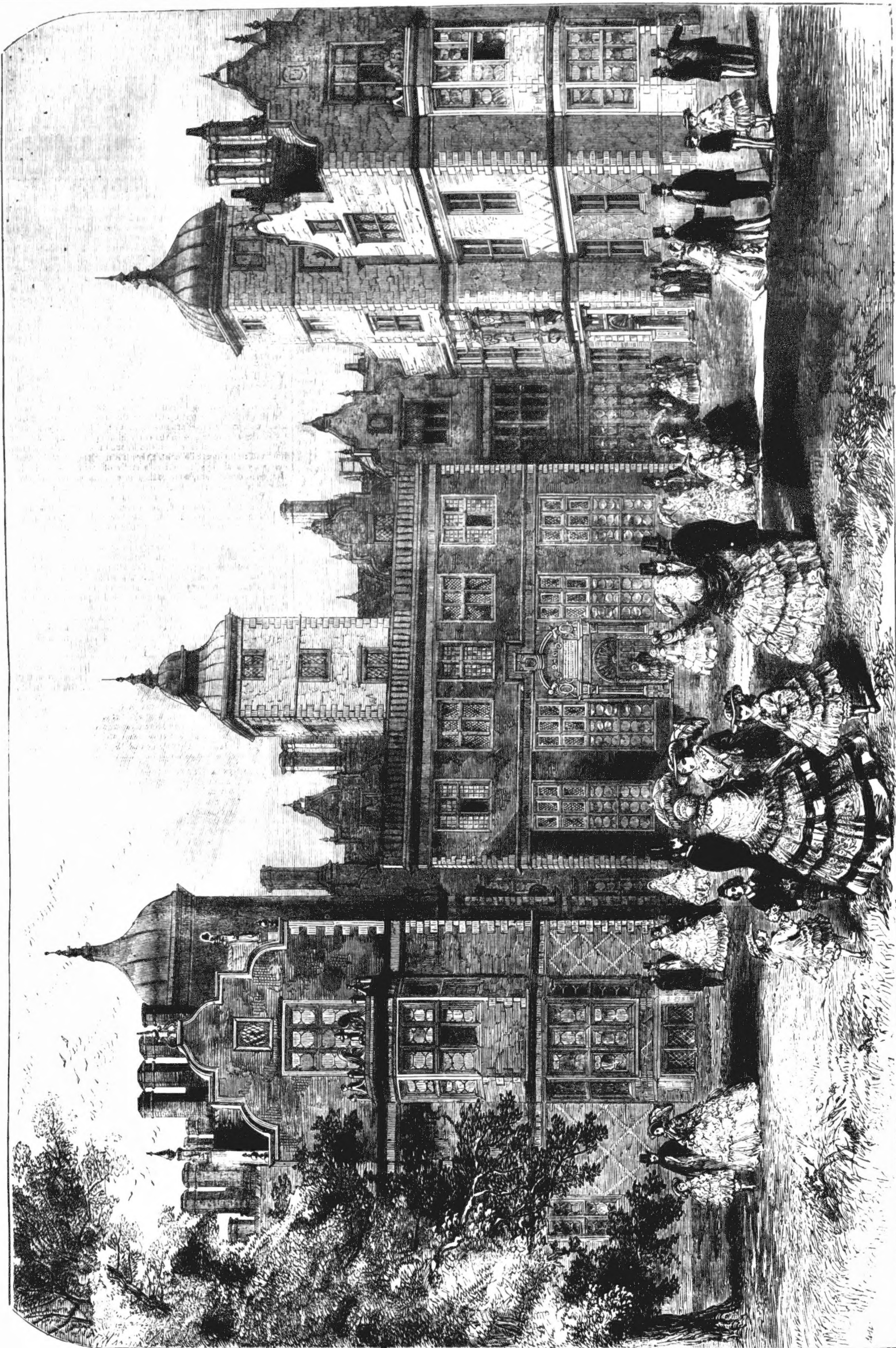
THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT SCHWALBACH.

A LETTER from Schwabach has the following:—"With the Empress the two first ladies of her Court are in the habit of using the waters. In the glow of their homoeopathic loyalty they fell ill, contracting exactly the same disease as the Empress, when the latter was ordered to recreate herself with the beneficent qualities of the Schwal. The prettiest of the two is Comtesse de la Bédoyer, the daughter of a French diplomatist, whose father had long been accredited at Dresden, and whose blood is said to mingle the true blue fluid of German royalty with the more ordinary blood of a French lady of rank. A full, round, and stately figure, she is taller than the Empress, and looks a fit companion for majesty. The other lady is Comtesse de la Poize. The two officiating cavaliers have been excused from spoiling their stomachs with the health-giving it is said—but nauseating, it is certain—qualities of the brook. That fine and robust form, with a greyish hue spreading over hair and whiskers, is Admiral Jurién de la Gravière. He may be a sailor, but appears to be an adept in the arts of the courtier as well. A perfect specimen of the class we meet in the little, elegant, and exceedingly agile Comte de Cosse-Brisson. One of the most accomplished hands—or am I to say feet?—at a waltz, or the quadrilles de la cour, he has been added to her Majesty's suite for reasons unknown. A sick lady cannot dance, though she may be an empress, and another *l'empereur* in days of health. The third gentleman is M. le Commandant Opperman. He and the lady-in-waiting, who shall remain nameless for the present, are occasionally exempt from the duty of attending upon their sovereign, whose most constant companions are the Admiral and Comtesse de la Bédoyer. Till half-past nine the Empress may be seen taking exercise regularly in the gardens; she then returns home, to emerge again from the well-observed portal at eleven o'clock, when she repairs to bathe; at two o'clock dinner is served, according to the rules of the place. I should like to know how many cooks you suppose the Empress to have brought with her. Not one even. She, who has so many renowned artists of the pan and the pot in her service, stoops to dine from the kitchen of the Post, a hotel opposite Villa H-rber. Every morning the bill of fare is presented to her, enumerating the various possibilities of the day, which, as far as she condescends to order them, are conveyed into so many savoury realities in the hours between eight and two. They are frugal repasts the Empress has to put up with in that rural quarter. None of the great names of a *menu* are ever found on the slip of paper submitted for choice and sanction in the early hours of the day. Just now the Empress fares no better than the French people, ruled by her august husband: she must be content with a meagre *carte*. The dinner company is always limited to a circle of intimates. The Empress, the two countesses, and cavaliers, are, as a rule, of the party; now and then the French ambassador from Darmstadt, and the Princess Metternich, who is residing for a few weeks at Johannsberg, will drive over, and have the honour of spending a few social hours at her table. The striking appearance of the Empress never fails to excite attention. No crinoline, but flowing skirts tucked up rather high, and military heels, hussar jacket, and a baret overtopped by a good-sized eagle's wing, present a rather unusual combination even here, where the world's oddities are amply exhibited. The afternoon is frequently devoted to visiting the Princess of Hesse, the wife of Prince William, who is staying, in a very delicate state of health, at Schwabach. Another personage whose company the Empress seems to enjoy is Prince Nicholas of Nassau, the brother of the reigning Duke, whose acquaintance she made years ago in Paris. At half past five her Majesty makes her appearance again at the well-known, and taking two glasses more, promenades till seven in the grounds, when she returns to the villa. The evenings being at any rate cold, are spent at home by the Empress, as well as by the other guests. Every morning the postman knocks at the door of the villa, when such letters as dear Louis may choose to entrust to a public conveyance are delivered, and, it is said, are taken in by the fair addressee herself. The Emperor Napoleon was first expected for certain, but it is now supposed will go to Arenberg, whither his lady will probably repair in a week. Had he come hither, I apprehend the joy of the Schwabachers, running so high at the presence of his wife, might have been raised to overflowing, and actually have left the narrow bed of the Schwabach mind."

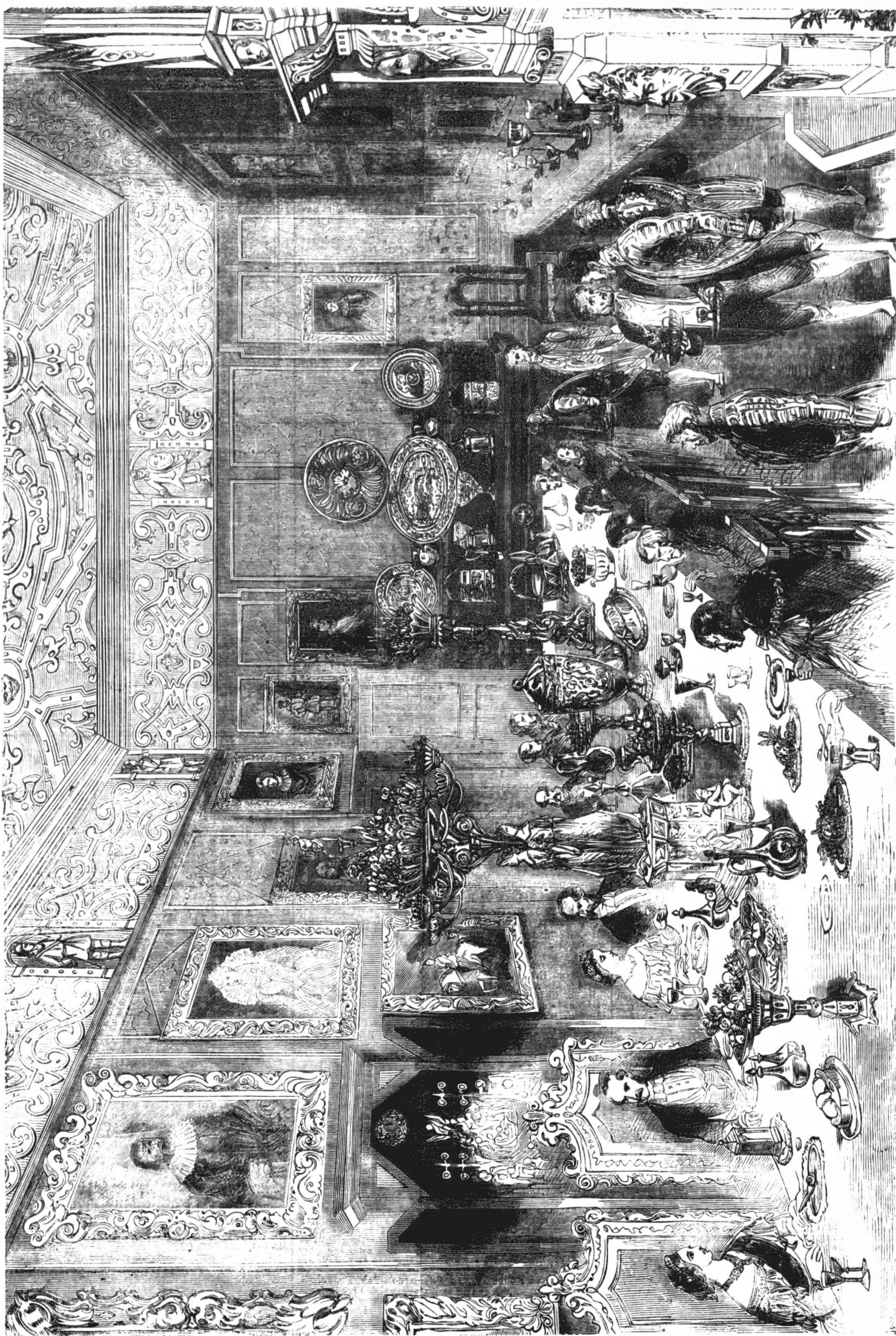
A TRAIN IN A HURRICANE.—A railroad train recently on its way from Cincinnati to Chicago was blown from the track, at a point near Wirtell's-bridge, fifteen miles below Lawrenceburg, by one of the most terrific tornadoes that have ever visited that section of the country. As the train approached the bridge, the atmosphere seemed filled with branches of trees and missiles of various kinds which the wind had taken up in its path, and the engineer, thinking the bridge unsafe, increased the speed of the engine so as to reach the protection of the hills beyond. He was too late, for the hurricane, resistless in its energy, lifted the entire train into the air, and hurled the rear portion of it over a steep bank, the baggage car, which was very heavily laden, being whirled diagonally across the track and the rear of the first passenger car, still unoccupied, being suspended over the precipice at the side of the track. The train which happened to arrive at such an untimely moment, in the very focus of the wild hurricane, was heavily loaded with passengers, many of them being bound for the Chicago Convention; yet, strange to relate, notwithstanding the increased speed with which the train was moving, and the height of the embankment down which the cars were hurled, not one person was killed. This may be considered a most miraculous escape, two of the cars having been completely wrecked and jammed to pieces, the seats discoloured and shattered into fragments, and everything left in the most chaotic condition. From thirty to forty persons were more or less injured, and two ladies, names not known, probably fatally, one of them, it is thought, having suffered a dislocation of the spine.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

LEATHERBREECHES.—Captain Dilger, or "Leatherbreeches," as he is familiarly called, was, when the war broke out, an artillery officer in the Prussian service. A short time after the battle of Bull Run, an uncle of Dilger (a merchant of New York) wrote that the present was an opportune time to visit America. Dilger was desirous of studying war as carried on here, and procured leave of absence for a year. As soon as he arrived he joined the army of the Potomac as an artillery officer, and commanded a battery. As his year drew to a close he managed to get his leave indefinitely extended, and has just been ordered to Cincinnati to be mustered out of the service, the term of his battery, the 1st Ohio Artillery, having expired. He came out with his battery with General Hooker, and by the name of "Leatherbreeches" became known to every officer and soldier in the army of the Cumberland. In all the battles which have occurred from Lookout Mountain to Peachtree Creek, Dilger has been on hand. He is the first to open fire upon the eve of a battle, and takes his guns nearly up to the skirmish line. So often has he done this that some officers, a short time ago, presented him with bayonets for his pieces. At one time, on the 20th of July, he took his "smoothbore" up to General Johnston's line of battle, and for half an hour poured a raking fire of grape and canister into the enemy in front of Hooker. He became the target for three rebel batteries. He fires by volley when he "gets a good thing," and the acclamations of the infantry drown the reverberations of the cannon's roar upon all such occasions. He is a fine-looking young man, speaks French, Italian, German, and Spanish fluently, and English with ease. He always wears close buckskin breeches, with top boots, and stands by his guns in his shirt sleeves during battle.—*New York Times*.

HOUSING THE LAX. is cheap and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. There are advantages here secured for this T. S. general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,350 Agents.—(Advertisement.)



TRANSFER OF ASTON PARK TO THE INHABITANTS OF BIRMINGHAM.—EXTERIOR OF ASTON HALL. (See page 245.)



THE GRAND BANQUET GIVEN IN THE GREAT DRAWING-ROOM OF ASTON HALL TO THE QUEEN IN 1859. (See page 245.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Royal English Opera Company, (Limited), has announced that the first season will commence on Saturday, the 15th of October, with Auber's celebrated opera of "Masaniello." The second opera will be Flotow's "Martha," which will be performed alternately with "Masaniello." The programme also states that, on Tuesday, Oct. 25, will be produced a new and original opera, in four acts, the music by G. A. Macfarren, the libretto by J. Oxafor, entitled "Helvellyn." Operas by J. L. Halton, Gounod, Benedict, Henry Leslie, Frederick Clay, and Felicien David, have been accepted, and will be produced during the season. In addition to this, works by composers of celebrity, and of others less known to fame, will be brought out as circumstances permit. Engagements have been concluded with the following artists, namely:—Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Madame Fauny Huddart, Madame Weiss, Miss Poole, Miss Martorelli, Mrs. Ayuley Cook, Miss Florella Illingworth (her first appearance), and Madame Parepa. Mr. Charles Adams (principal tenor from the Royal Opera, Berlin, his first appearance in England), Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. George Porren, Mr. W. Coates (his first appearance), Mr. Herbert Bond (his first appearance), Mr. Charles -yall, Mr. Alberto Lawrence, Mr. J. G. Paley, Mr. Henry Corri, Mr. Ayuley Cook, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. Engagements are also being negotiated with Madame Guerrabelli, and with other artists, whose names will be shortly announced. The orchestra and chorus will be composed entirely of members of the Royal Italian Opera. The whole of the stage management will be entrusted to Mr. A. Harris; Mr. Baythorn, chorus master; Mr. P. Grieve (assisted by Mr. T. W. Grieve) scenic artist; Mr. John Russell, scene manager; and Mr. Alfred Mellor, musical director and conductor. A gratifying feature is the fact that there will be no charge for booking places, nor will the box keepers or employees of the theatre be permitted to take fees or gratuities under any pretence whatever.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre opened on Saturday night with the first part of "Henry the Fourth," the production of which last spring constituted the especial feature of the season. The company at Drury Lane is a very excellent one, and could not fail to command respect at any period in the history of the stage. The names include a very strong array of talent, comprising Messrs. Phelps, Henry Marton, Creswick, Walter Lacy, Edmund Phelps, Barrett, J. H. Neville, and last, not least, Miss Helen Faucit. With such an admirable working company, and with the splendid effects in the scenic and illustrative departments that may be anticipated from the magic pencil of Mr. William Beverley, as evidenced in "Henry the Fourth," there is every reason to expect that the forthcoming plays of Shakespeare, which have been promised, will be represented in a manner worthy of the poet and the theatre. We understand that on the production of "Macbeth" more especially, the managers intend to expend not merely all the resources of the establishment, but all the available resources of the arts—pictorial, musical, decorative, and mechanical—within their power. There is, indeed, unbounded scope for display in this tragedy of the poet; and Mr. Edmund Falconer, himself a poet, a dramatist, and actor, may be able to see further than Macready in his realization of the text. The fact, too, that Miss Helen Faucit will sustain the character of Lady Macbeth will lend an extraordinary attraction to the performance. Mr. Phelps will, of course, play Macbeth, and Mr. Creswick, we may suppose, Macduff. No doubt that, in the production of "Macbeth" at Drury Lane, curiosity and interest will be raised to the utmost height. "Othello," we also hear, will claim the express attention of the management. Of the performance of the first part of "Henry the Fourth" on Saturday night, little need be said. The special points of the acting, as they were last season, were Mr. Phelps' Falstaff and Mr. Walter Lacy's Prince Hal. Mr. Creswick, too, was greatly applauded in Hotspur. In the scene in the third act at Bangor, with Fitzgibbon, Lady Percy, Glendower and his daughter, Miss A. Smith, as Edith Wyane did last season, sang a national song in the Welsh language, arranged by Mr. Frederick Chatterton, and with harp obbligato by that eminent harpist. The song was extremely well sung, and created a great effect. The play was preceded by the farce of "An April Fool," performed very merrily by Messrs. G. Belmont, Robert Hoby, and Barrett, and Miss Hudson, and was followed by "Beauty or the Beast." The second part of "Henry the Fourth" will be revived next Saturday. The theatre was crowded in every part.

ADELPHI.—The theatre closed on Saturday evening for a few weeks, on purpose to renovate the interior of the house preparatory to the winter campaign. The performances were for the benefit of Benjamin Webster, who sustained his original part of Giles Fairland, in "Who's your Friend? or, The Queen's Fete"—a very admirable little comedy, written by Mr. J. R. Planché, and produced at the daymark. Theatre some years since, when Mr. Webster was manager. Giles Fairland is altogether a strikingly natural and masterly performance, and was never sustained by the actor with greater power and effect than on Saturday evening. We need scarcely add that the theatre was crowded in every part, and that Mr. Webster received on his first appearance, and recalled at the end, with enthusiasm. The other pieces were "Stephen Digges" and "The Babes in the Wood."

CITY OF LONDON.—The City of London Theatre commences its winter campaign, under the direction of Mr. Nelson Lee, on October 10th, and, judging from the most attractive programme put forth, a successful season may justly be anticipated. Marked improvements have taken place; new seats and reserved seats having been constructed, and the roof of the theatre raised, to enable the audience to have an uninterrupted view of the scenic effects to which attention is always more particularly paid at this establishment. The company includes several old favourites, and a number of "first appearances." Novelties are promised, and the new drama to be produced on the opening night, Monday, October 10th, is said to contain several startling situations and effects. We cordially wish Mr. Lee success during the ensuing winter season.

STANDARD.—On Saturday evening the Great National Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, was opened for the season, under the management of its spirited proprietor, Mr. John Douglass. During the recess the house has, he said to have undergone an almost total reconstruction, and the Standard may now be, and not inaccurately, described as one of the most beautiful and elegantly arranged theatres of the metropolis. The "Market Cross," a new and original drama, in three acts, with an episode, written by Mr. J. T. Douglass, was the piece selected to inaugurate the new season. It is of Spanish origin, and is founded on the escapades of a Spanish lady of distinction, whose affection for a young English surgeon, Edward Cleveland, leads to a variety of complications, and which serve to develop the plot. The drama, though unpretending, was very effective, and, everything considered, was remarkably well put on the stage. The scenery and dresses were appropriate and elegant, and the acting generally well up to the mark. Mr. Walter Griddle, as Antonio, the mountain guide, was vigorous, outspoken, and effective; Mr. Brownlow Hill, as Edward Cleveland, was gentlemanly; Mr. Britain Wright, as Savoury Mason, the lawyer's clerk, kept the house in a roar by his quiet humour, and his desire to have everything done legally. Miss Annie Davis, as Lucia, the child of the Pyrenees, rendered the part with interest and pathos; while Miss Marion Jackson represented with power and grace the less pleasing character of Donna de Castro, the proud, passionate, and revengeful woman, whose machinations to destroy another's life ended in her own extinction. The ballet opera of "Rosina" was the concluding piece of the evening.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Saturday, the Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace was occupied by about 4,000 of the children of the metropolitan schools, and 1,000 tenors and bibles, and the effect produced by this mass of young people, occupying near the whole of the orchestra, with their books in hand, was exceedingly pretty. The singing was excellent, the first portion being sacred, the last secular. The concert was commenced by singing a chorale, "A Wake, my Glory," composed by his royal highness the late Prince Consort. It was admirably performed, and elicited a hearty encore. A festival hymn, the words by the children of the Freemasons' School for Girls was also very well received. In the secular ball, "Rule Britannia," "The Harvest Song," "Ye Mariners of England," and the national anthem, were greeted with the heartiest applause. The children acquitted themselves exceedingly well, and entertained most successfully the large and fashionable audience which had assembled to hear them. The Duke of York's band played the following selection of music capotally:—Glee—"The Red Cross Knights," (Calicut); polka, "Le Trompette des Cent Gardes," (Bague); glee, "Mynheer Van Dunk," (Bishop); and the "Whirlwind Polka," (Levy). The gardens of the palace are now in the most beautiful condition, and as the opportunity for seeing them in perfection will shortly have passed away we should recommend those who desire to enjoy that treat this year to lose no time.

ST JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Professor and Miss Anderson kindly admitted, gratuitously, the children of St James's National School (200 in number), to the hall, on Saturday morning last, to witness the entertainments—World of Magic and Second Sight—with which they appeared highly delighted. We understand that a similar treat will be accorded to the boys of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, on Saturday next, the 1st of October.

MR VINCENT WALLACE, (Orchestra) are very glad to say, is now completely convalescent, and is able to take out-of-door exercises. He will go to Paris for the winter next week, and begin work on his new four-act opera now in hand.

MR BENEDICT, it is arranged, will contribute the new opera, to be represented at Covent Garden this winter, after the pantomime season. The subject is "Emeralda;" but the composer, we understand, has scarcely set to work upon it yet.—Orchestra.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—The weather has been all that could be desired for out-door gardening work; but there is little time left now to do all that is absolutely necessary. The hoe must be kept continually going. Vacant places filled up in brocoli beds, by putting in fresh plants. Cauliflowers pricked out under hand-glasses and in frames. Plants of all kinds looked over, and should any appear to droop, to be taken up, when a grub will be found, which, if not destroyed, will extend its ravages further. Celery required for early use should be earthed up to the full extent of the leaves; but, for successional crops, plenty of foliage should be allowed to produce luxuriant growth. Plant lettuce without delay in sheltered places. Thin out winter crop of spinach. Take up all potatoes, if ripe. Thin out late sowings of radishes; and, if a succession is required, sow in frames.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Take up all choice plants from beds, and re-pot; let them be placed in a close pit until they have made fresh roots. Prick out seedlings of polyanthus, to get established before the winter. Plant crocuses, irises, jorquils, and snowdrops without delay. Finish plotting the layers of pinks and carnations. Gather up tree leaves and let them be pitted for decomposition, leaf mould being admirable for plot log.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Destroy moss on apple trees by scraping, and afterwards apply soot and lime-water, of the consistency of paint, clear peaches, nectarines, and vines of leaves, so as to expose the wood. A good plan is to go over apricot and cherry trees with a broom, to expose the wood without injuring the buds. Fork up strawberries between the rows and remove runners.

SHOCKING DEATH OF A RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

ON Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, Mr. W. G. Payne, the corner for the Duchy of Lancaster, held an inquiry respecting the death of Mr. Henry Leggett, aged forty-seven years, who was alleged to have lost his life in consequence of injuries received while taking refreshment at the Rugby Station of the London and North Western Railway. The case excited great interest, as the deceased gentleman was well-known in the City. The inquiry was held at the private residence of the unfortunate deceased, No. 1, Norfolk-villas, London-lane, Enfield.

The first witness called was Mr. W. Willett, auctioneer, of Edmonton, who said that the deceased was his brother-in-law. He was a print-seller and picture dealer, carrying on business in Cornhill. He was in good health up to Thursday fortnight. On that day he was going to Manchester. He travelled alone. On Saturday week witness called on him at his residence. He was in great pain. He told witness that when he was going to Manchester he stopped at the Rugby Station for the purpose of getting refreshments. He called for some soup, and it was brought to him very hot. He drank it off very quickly. He felt great pain after he had taken it. He said the agony he suffered was intense. The next day a nail came from him. He was obliged to use force to drag it. He said the nail had been given to him in the soup.

Mr. Wm. N. Barker, Enfield, said that the deceased was removed to his house from the residence of a friend, near Manchester. Dr. B. Godfrey, of Enfield, said the deceased was in perfect health up to the time of his taking the nail in the soup. On the 13th inst. witness was called in to attend him. The deceased described the occurrence in the following words:—"I went to Manchester on Thursday last. When I arrived at the Rugby Station I called for a basin of soup. It was hot. The bell rang. I bolted it up and jumped into the train. The pain I felt was intense. On Friday I dragged a nail or brad, three-quarters of an inch long, from me." Witness examined him, and found the whole mucous membrane of the bowel torn away. Erysipelas set in, and he expired from the effects of the accident on Thursday evening. From the time of the occurrence to his death he suffered the most intense agony. Witness asked him what he did with the nail. He said, "The nasty thing had a jagged edge. I threw it away." He also said, "When I heard the bell ring I bolted."

The Coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased expired from the effects of taking and swallowing down accidentally a certain nail while on a recent journey to Manchester."

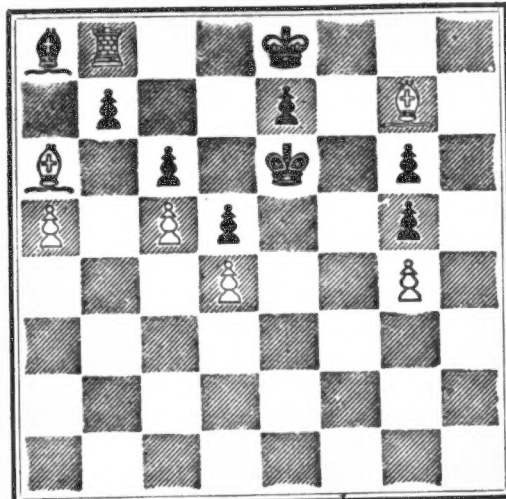
The proceedings then terminated.

FLUNDERING A FOUNDATION STONE.—A young man named Snowden has just been arrested at Bodmin, Cornwall, on suspicion of being concerned in a novel species of robbery. It appears that the foundation stone of the new national schools now being built in Bodmin was removed, and the bottle containing coins and other articles, deposited in the stone at the time the ceremony was performed, stolen.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AT SAN FRANCISCO.—SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6.—The opposition steamboat Washoe exploded her boiler in the Sacramento River last night. Her upper works were shattered and her stern blown off; 150 passengers were either killed or wounded. Fifty persons are already dead or will soon die. The boat was running at a high rate of speed, and the engineer said, before dying, that the cause of the explosion was rotten iron in the boiler.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 208.—By Mr. H. Black.

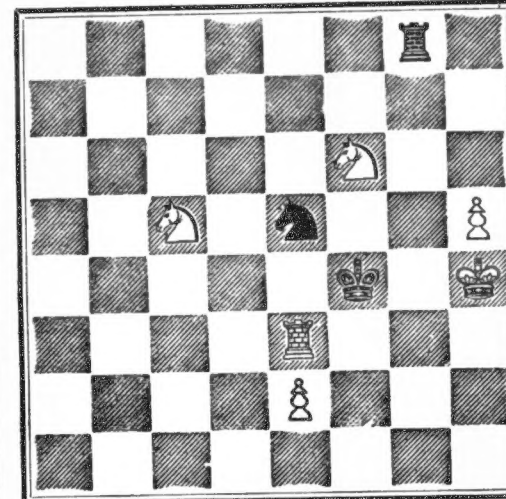


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 209.—By Mr. W. H. HAWKES. (For the Juveniles)

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 204.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. Kt to K4 | 1. P moves |
| 2. P to K B & (ch) | 2. K takes Kt |
| 3. B mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 205.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Q to K Kt 6 | 1. B takes Q (a, b) |
| 2. B to K 3 | 2. Anything |
| 3. R or B mates | |
| 1. | (a) 1. Q takes R at Q 4 |
| 2. B takes Q (ch) | 2. K to Q 5 |
| 3. Q to K Kt 6, mating | |
| 1. | (b) 1. Q to Q B square or Q 2 |
| 2. R to Q 7 (dis ch) | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q takes B, mating | |

F. J. BIGGS (Bath).—We will endeavour to furnish you with the result of our examination of your problems next week.

CATO.—The notice to C. J. O. (Ipswich), in our 67th number, should have been addressed to you, in reply to your inquiry as to the opening moves of the Roy Lopez Knight's Game.

C. J. O. (Ipswich).—You are quite correct. A White Pawn on K 4 should stand on the diagram. A mate in three moves is then unavoidable, on the supposition that Black plays 1. K to Q 2.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE CHESHIREWITCH.—14 to 1 agst Mr. Robinson's Gratitude (1); 14 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's by F. Zazalotto—Calista (1); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Beville's Suspicion (1); 100 to 6 agst Mr. W. Day's Mail Train (1); 25 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Tatoo off (30 to 1); 25 to 1 agst Lord Coventry's Thalestria (off 30 to 1); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Cartwright's Soamander (1); 100 to 1 agst Mr. W. G. Craven's Planet (1); 100 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Catch-em-Alive (1).

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—20 to 1 agst the field (off); 33 to 1 agst Lord Wilton's Two-inger (1); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Aumont's Orphelia (1).

THE DARTY.—20 to 1 agst Mr. Spencer's Longdown (1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Redley's Christmas Carol (1); 33 to 1 agst Mr. MacKenzie's Oppressor (1); 33 to 1 agst Lord Durham's Wizard dam colt (1); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Wild Charley (1); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Salpion's Buck (1).

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) fitted with Writing paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Biotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness 450,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORTON, 25 Abchurch-lane, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

NO BUNK COMPLAINTS without a WILLOUGHBY and GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Wanted to tell all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Free-patent free on application at 125, Regent-street.—(Advertisement.)

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MANION HOUSE.

FOUND CHECKS.—Arthur Law, a respectable-looking young man, was brought up on remand before the Lord Mayor, charged with forging and uttering several cheques, for some value from £10 to £14 with intent to defraud Messrs. Manion and Co., the bankers. Mr. Manion the solicitor to the Bankers' Protection Association, presented; and Mr. Beard appeared for the accused. The prisoner, it appears, was formerly in the Third City of London Rifle Corps, and was employed in the office at the head-quarters as orderly clerk, and it was his duty to keep the accounts and prepare the cheques for the payment of the incidental expenses. These cheques were signed by the major and countersigned by one of the committee. The prisoner was, however, dismissed in March last. Early in August an order for the delivery of a cheque-book, purporting to be signed by Major Richards, was presented at the Major's and Masterman's bank, and the cashier, believing the order to be genuine, delivered the cheque-book to the bearer of the order. The pass-book, it appeared, was obtained from the bank by the clerk who succeeded the prisoner on the 1st of each month and upon the book being delivered over in September, amongst the cheques that had been paid during the month of August there were five which were forged, viz. one dated 8th of August, for £12; 10th August, £10; 17th August, £10; 24th August, £10; and the 30th August, £14; making an aggregate of £56. The prisoner, however, was not indicted as having presented either of the cheques or the order for the cheque-book, but several witnesses, including Major Richards, stated that the writing on the cheques was exceedingly like the prisoner's. One witness was positively told that the signature to the order was the prisoner's, and that the prisoner had frequently seen him write the major's name on pieces of paper, and at times resembled the same signature perfectly that he (witness) could scarcely tell the difference. This witness said the whole of the writing on the order and the body of the cheques he believed was the prisoner's writing, although it was somewhat different from his ordinary style of writing. In fact he said the prisoner wrote so many different hands that it was very difficult to tell. The prisoner, who said he knew nothing whatever of the charge, was committed for trial.

BOW STREET.

A SO-DISTANT CLERGYMAN IN TROUBLE.—Augustine William Beaudouin Butler was brought up on remand, charged with obtaining £20 by false pretences. The prosecutor deposed £20 with the prisoner, as seen by him taking the service of clergyman and secretary to the Calvary Mission. The prosecutor said he had been entirely deceived, and that as he could not get back his £20 he had given the prisoner into custody. Mr. Vaughan asked if there was any evidence to prove the falsity of the prisoner's representations. Police-sergeant Crossinich, 36 A, said: I took the prisoner into custody on the 15th, at the corner of Vine-street. I told him who I was, and the nature of the charge. He said, "Very well, I'll go with you, but I don't see that Mr. Vaughan has any cause to complain." Since the last examination I made inquiries and I had there several persons whom he had victimized. Mr. Vaughan: Have you made any inquiries about his being a clergyman? Witness: I have searched the "Clergy List," and I cannot find such a name as Beaudouin Butler. Mr. Vaughan: Could you find such a place as the Jerusalem University or the Calvary Mission? Witness: No, sir, I could not. The circular I procured relative to it was given to me by a gentleman now in court. Prisoner: That is an old one of three years' date. Mr. Vaughan: Did you find out the residence of the prisoner? Witness: Yes, sir, No. 7, Delgare-street South. I also discovered that he had been living at 5 Green, George-street, Westminster, and also at No. 90 Gloucester-street, Queen's-square, from which he went away £50 in debt. I have obtained the returns I now produce from the prisoner's "office." The letters were here opened by Mr. Bernaby, the chief clerk, and read. One was from a clergyman of the Church of England to subscribe to the Jerusalem Mission, and the others were principally from young men offering their services as clerks and under secretaries. Edward Wildair, clerk to Mr. Bernaby of 3, Pump Court, Temple, said: About the middle of July the prisoner came and asked if he had a room to let, as he wanted one for the office of the Jerusalem College. He told me he was a clergyman of the Church of England. Prisoner: That I distinctly deny. I never said such a thing. Witness continued: He took possession of the room a few days after (about the 23rd July), and the only furniture he contained was a table, the chairs, and some ink. His name was painted up on the wall of the room. Inspector McCall, of the City police, here said: The witness Wharton is a friend of mine, and I went with him to Mr. Lee's chambers, in Lincoln's-inn—the place appointed by the prisoner for the payment of the £20—and there I saw a gentleman whom, however, now I don't believe to have been Mr. Lee; and from the manner in which the prisoner acted on that occasion I was so entirely deceived that I advised my friend, to accept the situation, which he did. The agreement was then signed, and the prisoner took the £20 from out of my hand and gave the £20 to the gentleman present, and told him to place them to the account of the Jerusalem College. Mr. Vaughan: That does not carry the case any further and therefore it need not be added to the depositions. Are there any other cases? The police-sergeant said he had a number of persons present who had been deceived by the prisoner. Mr. Thomas Williams, of Church-row, Stoke Newington, said: I am a man of letters, and I was engaged by the prisoner as an office-boy by the Church-street. In 1854 the prisoner was engaged as an office-boy by the Church-street. At a salary of 8s per week. He remained there about four years. On the 1st of March, 1858, I met him in the Temple, and he then told me he was under-secretary to the Bishop of London, special messenger to Cardinal Wiseman, and he then named me his card. He asked me to lend him £20. He told me he had married a lady of fortune, the daughter of Colonel Phillips. That Colonel Phillips was an attendant on her Majesty at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. Prisoner: I am perfectly acquainted with your representations and your attendance here. Witness: No doubt you are. He further told me that his wife had presented him with a living at Normans, in Yorkshire; that he frequently had to attend to his duty there, and that he was then looking out for a curate. I believed his representations, and lent him various sums amounting in all to £15. Mr. Vaughan: Was it upon the representations that he made that you lent him the money? Witness: Decidedly. I believed all he told me, and I felt glad that I had a few shillings charged and taken place in his affairs. I wrote to him repeatedly for the money I had lent him, but I only got 10s back. Prisoner: I shall not ask any questions at present. Sergeant Crossinich said: I have made inquiries at the secretary's office of the bishop of London—Messrs. Braden and Dunning, Parliament-street—and the prisoner is altogether unknown there. This evidence completed that case. Mr. Bernaby, tailor, 11, Harrington-street, Piccadilly, said: About May 30 the prisoner represented himself to be a clergyman of the Church of England—that he belonged to the East-end division, and was one of the Bishop of London's men. He offered a loose coat—the one he is at present wearing—such a one as he could throw off after attending to the poor people in the alleys and courts. I supplied him with the coat mainly on the supposition that the representations made by the prisoner were true. I have never been paid for the article. Mr. Vaughan: That will make out three cases against the prisoner. Have you anything to say by way of committing him for trial on these charges? No, sir, I have not. I reserve my defence, and I shall be able satisfactorily to prove the inaccuracy of the charges against me at my trial, and until that time I shall say nothing. Mr. Vaughan: Before I do so the case I may as well inform you that letters have been received from Messrs. Foster, of Oxford, asking for certain information relative to you, and the handwriting of the letters ordering the articles exactly corresponds with yours, and information to that effect will be forwarded to them. The prisoner was then committed to the custody of the police on these charges.

ALLIED FRAUD.—William Evans was charged with obtaining a coat by false pretences from Mr. Merriwell, tailor, of 213, Strand. The defendant had gone to the shop of the prosecutor and obtained a coat on credit on the plea that he was Mr. J. F. Evans, of the Transport Department, Somerset House. On being told that it was unusual to give credit to strangers, he said that if the prisoner would read him the young man to whom he had lent the coat on credit, he would give him the coat. The prisoner then read him the name of J. F. Evans, and the accused went into an office in the Transport Department, and wrote an I.O.U. on paper stamped "Transport Department, Somerset House," on the face of which the coat was left. He subsequently obtained a pair of trousers, saying he would pay for both when he got his salary. Not doing so, inquiries were made, and it turned out that he had perjured and to find the name of his brother, who held an office there. There being several other serious charges against him, the prisoner was remanded.

CLERKENWELL.

DISSENTING A WIFE, AND IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT A FINE.—George Little, a carman, having no fixed residence, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with deserting his wife and child, whereby they have become chargeable to the parish of St. Pancras. From the evidence it appeared that on the 5th of last month the prisoner deserted his wife and child, having previously broken up all the furniture, and as he had not left anything for the support of his wife and child, they had to go to St. Pancras Workhouse for relief. A warrant was obtained for the apprehension of the prisoner, and the parish officers went to the Bedford Music Hall, and there found him in company with some young men and a woman. He was told that there was a warrant for his apprehension, and that he would have to go to the police-

station, on which he became very insolent, struck and kicked Loader, the officer, about the body, and grazed the skin of his hands. It was with great difficulty that he could be got to the station, and on the way there he kicked and struck three or four persons. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked the wife if she knew the reason why the prisoner deserted her. The wife replied that she met him out with a young woman, and when she told her that he was married man he was very exasperated, and ordered her home. She went home, and about an hour he followed her, broke the things and then left her. He had behaved very kindly to her before; was in the frequent habit of getting drunk, and was often out till three and four o'clock in the morning. She had told the police that if he could not keep her a allowance and leave her. The prisoner said that he had left his work through his wife abusing him, and he had gone into the country to seek for work, but could not get any. He would allow his wife money if he had got any. Mr. Clarke, the relieving overseer of St. Pancras, said that the wife bore a very good character. She was an honest, sober, and industrious woman. Mr. D'Eyncourt said this was a gross case, and sentenced the prisoner to two months' hard labour in the house of Correction as a rogue and vagabond. The prisoner said he did not care at all about that lot.

THEMATIC FRAUDS.—A case of fraud and distressing a Co-operative Association, Henry Grant, 16, of 18, George-street, Hoxton, a green-grocer, a tailor, and Fredrick Grant, 15, of 5, Bydon-street, Hoxton, were charged with discharging fireworks in the Avenue-road, to the annoyance of the inhabitants. They were further charged with wilfully disturbing the congregation at the church in Avenue-road. From the evidence of Police-constables Wandy, 415 N, and Abernethy, 541 N, it appeared that the previous night they saw the prisoners lighting off fireworks, throwing them down areas and into park windows. Before they could get to the prisoners, Grant threw a rocket into the window of the Avenue church, and the sparks went on to the ladies, but for nearly three minutes did not take fire. The congregation were very much alarmed, but none of them were hurt. The prisoners were taken into custody, and on their way to the police station, Mr. James F. Grant, son of the defendant, was seen, and said that the congregation were frequently annoyed by boys of the same description as the prisoners, not with fireworks, but with stones. The prisoners said that they were sorry for what had occurred, but with stones. By accident that the rocket went into the church. Mr. D'Eyncourt fined Grant £5 each, and Grant £30, which was instantly paid.

IMPORTANT CASE UNDER THE DIVORCE AND MATRIMONIAL CAUSES ACT.—A wife's Protection Order Set Aside.—Miss Ann Englad, machine maker and sewing machine worker, of 3, Bare-street, St. Andrew's, appeared before Mr. D'Eyncourt to show cause why an order, granted to her under the provisions of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, protecting her property and earnings against her husband and his co-wives, should not be set aside. Mr. Ricketts, solicitor, appeared on behalf of the husband. Mr. Ricketts, in opening the case, said that these proceedings were instituted under the 11th section of the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, and the object was to set aside an order that had been granted to the respondent protecting her property against her husband and his creditors. From the evidence he should be able to adduce before the court he was confident that the order must be set aside, and although he could adduce many reasons why the court should set aside his (Mr. Ricketts') request, yet he should rely mainly on two, viz. that the order had been obtained upon a false statement of facts, and also, that the persons had mutually agreed to separate, and that consequently there could be no desertion. It was only due to the press to state that had not the application for the protection order been reported his client would have heard nothing of the transaction. His client did not wish to have any more to do with the respondent, and as she had obtained a protection order by the means he felt it due to himself that he should come forward and ask for the revocation of an order thus obtained. He then called Mr. George Englad, who said he now resided at 67, Barbican-lane, close. He was married to the respondent on the 4th of September, 1844. On the 16th September, 1852, he was summoned to Guildhall by his wife, and also appeared against him. After the case had been gone into before Mr. Alderman Humphrey the respondent and himself mutually agreed to separate. The case was adjourned until the following day for that arrangement to be carried into effect. It was a mutual agreement that they were to separate, and she was to have the furniture and pay the rent. It was not true that he sent in the broker the following day to seize the goods, nor was it true that his wife had not seen him for months. The house in which she had been residing for a long time past is only twenty-two yards from where he had resided for nearly two years, and she had been in the habit of seeing him daily. He had even her day after day at her window, and she must have seen him. Mr. Ricketts proceeded to cross-examine the witness to show that he had been cohabiting with a woman, but he was stopped by Mr. D'Eyncourt, who said that the had nothing to do with the matter. The question was, had he been obtained by a false statement? By turning to the rules he should say it had, for when Mrs. Englad applied for the order she stated that she had not seen her husband since he was at Guildhall. Now that could not be true, seeing that both parties still resided a few yards from each other. Mr. Ricketts said that if the magistrate heard the constable that was sent by Mr. Alderman Humphrey to see that the arrangement that was made between the parties in open court was properly carried out he would at once dismiss the order. Police-constable Leman, 217 City, said he was at the Guildhall Ice-cream room when the parties in this case agreed to separate. It was done at the wish of both of them. He went to the house by the direction of Mr. Alderman Humphrey to see that Mrs. Englad gave her husband up his clothes, and that no breach of peace was committed. Mr. Ricketts said that Mrs. Englad then had no legal assistance, and was not aware of what she was about. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was quite clear that he must set aside this order, as it had been obtained by improper evidence. The respondent's statement was very false. Mr. Ricketts said he would serve notice on the registrar of the Clerkenwell County Court that the order had been set aside.

DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Ellen Tringham, aged 33, who devoted herself as a public preserver, residing at 1, Parson's-court, St. Luke's, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by throwing herself under the wheels of an omnibus in Goswell-street, St. Luke's. Mr. James Jones said he was a compositor, and resided at Queen's-square, City. On Sunday night he was passing through Goswell-street when he saw the defendant along with another woman and two men having some words. One of the men was the man with whom the defendant cohabited, and he, after having some words with her, struck her in the eye. She then went into the road, and seeing an omnibus coming along she put her pocket handkerchief in her hands, clasped them together, and then kneeling down in the middle of the road placed her head in a line with the wheels. She looked up, and seeing the omnibus approaching, and waving away from her, she ran more forward for the wheels to go over her. Had he (witness) not run into the road and picked her up she would have been undoubtedly killed on the spot. When he got her on the pavement she said, "I will do it before I live with him again." The prisoner said she was very sorry; she had taken a drop of drink, but as for intending to commit suicide, she never intended to do so. She ran away from the man she had been living with because he had struck her, and in doing so her feet became entangled in her petticoats, and she fell just as the omnibus was passing. Mr. D'Eyncourt ordered the defendant to pay a fine of 5s for being drunk. The prisoner was locked up in default.

DISPOSAL OF THE BODY OF A CHILD IN THE STREETS.—Caroline Gosling, of 14, Jame-street, St. Pancras, and Hannah Lunn, of 2, Jame-street, Somerset-street, described as married women, were charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with unlawfully disposing of the dead body of a male child in Goswell-street, Pentonville. From the evidence of Police-constable Lucas, 512 N, it appeared that his attention was called by a man to a basket that had been deposited by the prisoners just inside the railings of the burial-ground in Goswell-street, Pentonville. On looking inside of it he found the body of a male child, and he then went after the prisoners and asked them to come back and take the basket and its contents to the workhouse, or to a proper burial place. They at first denied any knowledge of the transaction, but afterwards said that they had been given some money by a woman who had miscarried to take the basket, and its contents to the workhouse, but that they had preferred leaving it where it was found to taking any further trouble about it. The child was found, but had never breathed. As a mob collected and neither of the prisoners would remove the nuisance he was compelled to take them to the station-house. Mr. D'Eyncourt asked if there was any reason to doubt the correctness of the prisoners' statement? Police-constable Lucas replied in the negative. The basket and contents were a nuisance. The prisoners said that what the constables had stated was true. If they were now allowed to go, they would at once complete their part of the contract by taking the basket to the St. Pancras Workhouse. Mr. D'Eyncourt, in discharging the prisoners, would not say whether they had committed an offence under the Nuisance Act. What they had better do for their own sakes was at once to remove the dirt to the dead-house of the workhouse. The women said they would at once do that, and quietly left the court.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE WALKING MATCH AT THE ALHAMBRA PALACE.—Mr. Thomas Wright, cashier and money-taker at the Alhambra Palace, Leicester-square, appeared before Mr. D'Eyncourt to answer a summons for assaulting Mr. James Ellis, the agent to Mr. Margaret Douglas, who was engaged to walk 1,000 miles in 100 consecutive hours at the Alhambra Palace a short time since. Mr. Lockhart having opened the case, Mr. Ellis who stated that he resided in Dean-street, 8, No. 2, and that on the night of the 9th of September

he went to the Alhambra Palace, and was told by the check-taker that he had orders not to admit him. The check-taker then called for the assistance of Mr. Wright who seized him by the collar threw him against the wall, and then pushed him into the street. In answer to Mr. Lewis the complainant said he had not threatened to create a disturbance in the palace. Mr. Lewis addressed the magistrate on behalf of the defendant stating that he proposed to call three witnesses to rebut the complainant's statement. He (Mr. Lewis) would not have occupied the time of the court as all but for the fact that the complainant's solicitor on the last occasion had made some misrepresentations, and which had gone forth to the public, seriously affecting the character of Mr. W. H. H., the proprietor of the Alhambra Palace. He was instructed to deny emphatically Mr. Wright's having given any orders for the destruction of the platform until he found that a deception was being practised on the public by Mrs. Douglas. Mr. Lewis then called three witnesses—Mr. Maize, an educational agent, residing in Piccadilly; Simmonds, the check-taker at the Alhambra Palace; and Sergeant Watson, 13 K. After hearing their evidence, Mr. Tyrwhitt said he had no doubt that an assault had been committed, but the question was the amount of it. He did not believe any violence had been used, and should therefore merely fine the defendant 5s and costs.

STREPTACIOUS ROBBERY OF CHILDREN.—COMMUNAL.—Elizabeth Smith, about 18 years of age, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with robbing several children between the ages of six and more years of their clothing, &c. A number of children who had been robbed were in attendance. In the first case the prisoner stopped a child named Elizabeth Smith, who with her parents, resided at No. 3, Barwick-street, St. James's, and asked her to hold a purse for her while she fastened her dress. The child did as she requested, and the prisoner asked her what she had in her hand. The child showed the prisoner 15s. 6d., which she was on the way home with to her father, and the prisoner—under the pretence of wrapping the money in paper for the child—took the money from her, and then banded the basket back to the child, who after the prisoner had left her, opened it and found it to contain only three penny pieces. The child, subsequently seeing the prisoner in the streets, spoke to a person, who detained the prisoner till she was taken into custody. In the second case the prisoner stopped a little girl named Elizabeth, five, residing with her parents at No. 3, Caven-street, to hang her hat that she would drop a bundle containing some sheets and other articles if she was not careful. The prisoner then offered to carry the bundle for the child, which offer was accepted, and the prisoner carried the bundle in her pocket and the bundle. In the third case a little girl named Elizabeth, five, residing in Peter-street, St. James's, was stopped by the prisoner on leaving a grocer's with some tea and sugar. The prisoner took the tea and sugar, and a change from the child, and then told her that if she would let her take off her boots and jacket, she would go and buy her a pair of white boots. The prisoner then took the child into a pawnbroker's and left her, promising to return, which of course, she did not. Police-constable Castle, 69 O, said there were several other charges against the prisoner. Mr. Tyrwhitt said he considered the three charges already preferred sufficient, and a ter cautioning the prisoner asked her whether she wished to say anything in answer to the charges. The prisoner said she had robbed one of the children but not the others. Mr. Tyrwhitt committed the prisoner for trial.

MARYLEBONE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH FEMALE PARK RANGERS.—Elizabeth Weatherhall, aged 15 was charged with the following robbery:—A tail, a lily dressed man, who said his name was George Henry Mottram carrying on business as a waste paper merchant in Farringdon market and residing at No. 8, Arlington-street, Mordant-street, deposed that about half-past eight on the previous night, he was going up the Chester-road, Regent's-park, and was accosted by the prisoner, who asked him to take her home. He said he could not. She had another female in her company, and whilst he was speaking to a girl wearing a hat the prisoner put her hand in his pocket and took his purse out containing over £1. He accused her of it and after some little time she returned it minus half a sovereign, two shillings, and three halfpence. At his request she gave him back the half-sovereign, and as she would not refund the two shillings he gave in charge. Prisoner deposed that the prosecutor met her and a friend of hers in the Chester-road, and after he had taken liberties with her friend, he asked her (prisoner) to put her hand in his pocket. She did so and pulled out his purse, and from it took the half-sovereign, two shillings, and three halfpence. He asked for the half-sovereign, which she gave him back, as he said he would make them a present. He then said he would have the two shillings from her, and as she would not give them up, he had her locked up. Committed for trial.

THAMES.

TAKING CARE OF A FRIEND'S LOGGERS.—Charles Williams, a man of colour, a West Indian, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with stealing a chest containing a large quantity of linen and wearing apparel, the property of William Henry Long. The prosecutor said he was a salesman and lately belonged to the ship William Tell. The prisoner was also a seaman aboard. On Saturday, the 17th of September, he landed at Southampton from Havre. His luggage was left at the Custom-house, in Southampton, on the previous day. When he went to the Custom-house, to claim it, he found it was gone. His chest contained a pair of trousers, a pair of slippers, five shirts, six singlets, a pair of drawers, four pairs of stockings, a pair of mittens, a rug, a feather pillow, and other small articles. He suspected the prisoner, who had been at Havre with him, and reached Southampton a day in advance. On making inquiries he ascertained that a man of colour, whose description answered to the prisoner exactly, had been to the Custom-house at Southampton, represented himself as a friend of the owner, and obtained the chest and contents. He met the prisoner in Ratcliffe-highway, and said to him, "Hallo, have you got my chest?" The prisoner said, "Yes," and he then asked him to give it up. The prisoner said, "I'll take you to my boarding-house and give you up all your things." The prisoner walked him about the streets for an hour without taking him to any boarding-house, and he gave him in custody to a police constable. The witness then produced the key of his chest and identified his property, which was produced. John Ashburn, a police-constable, No. 341 K said he went to Bileg's board-g-house 233, High-street, Strand, where the prisoner was lodging, and found there the whole of the stolen property. Some of it was contained in the prisoner's own chest, and the remainder in the prosecutor's chest. The prisoner made a long defence, which was in effect that his chest and the prosecutor's chest were both taken on shore together at Southampton, and so he took both to London. He intended to take care of Long's property. Mr. Partridge committed the prisoner to Newgate for trial.

NOVEL HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Thomas Pearson and Thomas Rogers, American seamen, were brought before Mr. Partridge on remand, charged with stealing a coat from John Barry, Mr. John Piper of No. 3, New In-yard, Canals-road, Shore-ditch, stated that at half-past five o'clock at night, he was in R. dolf highway, and saw the prosecutor, who was very much in liquor, talking to a man. Pearson and another man not in custody said to the prosecutor, "Now pull your coat off and fight." The prosecutor refused to pull his coat off, and Pearson and others took it from him by force. Pearson ran away with the coat and the prosecutor attempted to follow him, when several men he had seen with Pearson made a brutal attack on him, and beat him severely. The prosecutor was left on the ground bleeding and disabled. He saw Pearson take the coat into his house in R. dolf highway, and he sent a man in custody and the prisoner came out of the house. One of them had the coat and he gave it to Rogers who took it to a pawn-shop in the Commercial-road. Pearson waited outside. He went into the pawnbroker's shop and informed the assistant he saw there that the coat was stolen. It was detained. He afterwards went in search of a police-constable, and gave the prisoners into custody. Mr. Robert Oliver, assistant to Mr. Fuller, a pawnbroker, proved that Rogers offered the coat in pledge, and said he bought it in Liverpool. John Barry seaman, of 31, Christian-street, said the coat was his, but he could not tell how he lost it. He was very much ill used. Police-constable M. R. 15 H, said the prisoner had been in this part for some time. They were very drunk and disorderly fellows and had been "looting about." He took them out of a house in which forty Yankee sailors were lodging. The prisoners pleaded "Guilty." Mr. Partridge said to his mind there was a case of law in this case between the two prisoners. One had used brutal violence and robbed Barry of his coat; the other, not aware of the violence used, received the coat and offered it in pawn. He sentenced Pearson to six months' imprisonment and hard labour, and Rogers to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.

LAMBETH.

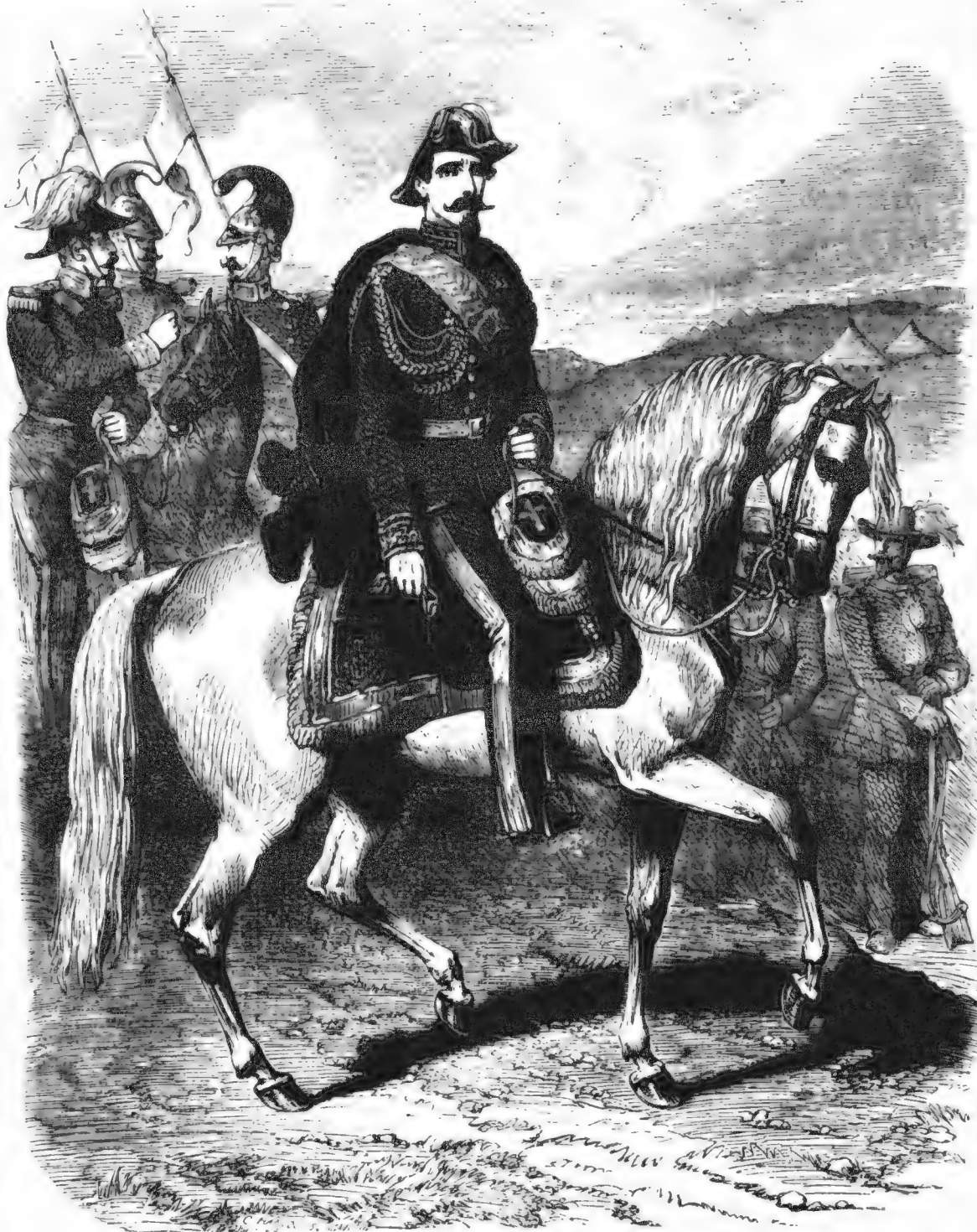
MODERATE SERVANTISM.—Anne Burns, 33, was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott on a charge of stealing three bottles of port wine, the property of her master. Mr. Richard Barnes, contractor, of 36, Stockwell-park-road, said that about three weeks ago the prisoner was taken into his service more from charity than anything else, and money advanced to her to provide her with articles of clothing, which she stood much in need of. It soon became apparent that she was given to drink, and she exhibited unmistakable proofs of having been drinking, but that was passed over. One afternoon she was found lying on the kitchen floor, "helplessly drunk," and when aroused, with some difficulty, "sprawled" her way to her bed-room, and on her refusing to open the door to admit that gentleman it was forced open, and it was the opinion of the doctor that she had taken a large quantity of port wine. As soon as she was in a state to go he started her about her business, but having subsequently found that she had taken three bottles of port wine from the cellar, supplied two of them and dipped pretty freely in the third, he gave information to the police, and caused her apprehension. She was remanded for a week.

GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.

THE appointment of this distinguished general as Prime Minister of Italy has been most favourably received by nearly all classes. A sketch of his career will not be unacceptable to our readers.

Alphonse della Marmora has the advantage of springing from a family whose bravery is proverbial, and whose members have proved, in their country's service, daring soldiers, besides doing much, in their various capacities, to improve the condition of the Sardinian army. The general, it appears, was but a major in his branch of the service, in 1848; his political views having, it is said, been up to that period in the way of his promotion. However, when the revolutionary storm, which swept over Continental Europe in 1848, had done its work, and the subjects of Sardinia found themselves in possession of a tempered liberty, his prospects brightened, and, in 1849, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. His wise and moderate views naturally attached him to the cause of King Victor Emmanuel; and when the inhabitants of Genoa rose in insurrection, expelled the royal garrison, proclaimed a provisional Government, and well-nigh spoiled all, General della Marmora marshalled a formidable force, besieged the revolted city, and speedily compelled submission.

Never was it more necessary for any king to have around him sagacious advisers than for Victor Emmanuel at that crisis; and fortunate it was for him and the interests of his kingdom, when, in November, 1849, General della Marmora was appointed Minister of War. The confusion into which the Sardinian army had fallen after the disasters of 1848 is described as exceeding belief. To the old officers, who were quite perplexed by these extraordinary events, and who saw their labours disappear as if by magic, succeeded inexperienced innovators whose blunders were crowned by the defeat of Novara. Whole regiments, after that battle, were completely dispersed. There were some brigades which reckoned their losses by hundreds; and close upon the defeat followed



GENERAL DELLA MARMORA, THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF ITALY.

acts of pillage which proved the disorganization of an army that in other days had conducted itself to admiration. To apply a remedy became the duty of General della Marmora; and he set to work with his characteristic activity and energy. Without reference to personal considerations or court favour, he dismissed wholesale from the staff the incapable, the disabled, and the disaffected. By a thorough reform of the educational system, by enforcing strict, impartial discipline, and by incessantly cultivating among the troops a martial spirit, he in less than six years formed that gallant army, which, in the spring of 1855, enabled Sardinia to take so honourable a place in the arena of continental politics, and assume a position of European interest and importance.

When the army which he had thus organized was about to embark for the Crimea, General della Marmora marked his confidence in its prowess, by leading the Sardinian troops in person, and ere long his system and generalship were put to a severe test, when, at break of day on the 16th of August, the Russians made their celebrated attack in the valley of the Tchernaya. The general, on that occasion, bore himself in a manner worthy of his reputation; and the victory thus achieved sufficiently proved the capacity with which he had administered the military affairs of Sardinia, and the skill with which he could lead her soldiers amidst the roar of guns and the excitement of conflict.

When the general's assault was made on Sebastopol, General della Marmora wished to add a Sardinian brigade to that corps of the French which was intended to penetrate into the town by the central bastion; but his patriotic desire was not gratified, and his soldiers had not an opportunity of participating in those desperate encounters, which terminated in the capture of the Russian stronghold.

General della Marmora, besides being renowned as a brave warrior, and a man of military genius, is recognised as a perfect gentleman in deportment; open, frank, and dignified in manner; and bold, masculine, and circumspect in character.

Literature.

HIGHLAND JESSIE;

OR,

LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER CXX.

RELIEF NEAR.—22ND SEPTEMBER.

It was time relief was near, for the natives in garrison were beginning to be chicken-hearted.

Even on this 22nd of September there were desertions; a Sikh, a native artilleryman, two private servants, and three grass-cutters bolted during the night, and in the course of the morning five cook-boys contrived to steal away through a heavy rain.

Talking of the rain, it had now begun to fall in quantities, so that Sergeant Tim Flat hazarded this remark—that if the enemy could not get in, the rain would certainly wash the garrison out if they did not "old 'ard."

It did rain, and not the most painful part of the down-pour was, that it began literally to wash away the defences.

It was on this day that so great and glad tidings came.

It was about 11 p.m., night, when the hopeful camp was sleeping as well as it could, that one Usgud, a pensioner as he was called, or a spy as I will designate him, came into the garrison bringing us in a letter, which promised that Outram and Havelock, having crossed the Ganges, would be with us in a few days.

The camp slept; but it woke up to hear the good news. It was a quiet night for the beleaguered garrison. No continued roar of cannon broke through the air, for exactly as a shower of rain will disperse a crowd as rapidly as a charge of cavalry, so the heavy down-pour of rain had silenced the batteries on each side, and all the noise that the garrison heard was the comparative silence of falling rain, and the footfall and click of the arms of the

sentries on duty; these sounds being now and again broken at regular intervals by the various military summoning-calls which tend to make a camp or a barrack almost poetic, and give the sleeper such a sense of rest and safety if he chance to wake up, that, hearing the calls, he falls asleep again with the knowledge that his sleep is watched, and that, if danger is near, watchful eyes are ready to meet and thwart it.

Suddenly, as though with one accord, the camp burst into a roar of happiness. Somebody started it, beyond all doubt. But the roar was in the heart of all, so that when one voice uttered that military prayer—a loud hurrah—the whole awakened garrison took it up, for sentries had heard the news, and carried it to sleeping comrades; who, awakened, may have at first grumbly cursed the disturbers of their rest, but who, next instant, leapt into the fair sea of hope. The whole garrison took up the cry; so that the enemy started into white-faced quivering resentment.

Roar—roar, nervously went two of the enemy's pieces; but no English cannon answered the summons, for all were too joyful and hot-headed to resent the couple of shells which crashed into the camp.

At last the roar died away, but the camp was not still. Discipline not being very strict in those later days in the Lucknow garrison, voices broke out into bits of song without fear of reprimand; and lo! fragments of "Home, Sweet Home," "The Campbells are Coming," "British Grenadiers," "Auld Lang Syne," "Limerick Races," and "Rule Britannia," especially "Rule Britannia," with a tremendous emphasis on the "Rule," saluted the night breeze.

But after a time, some three or four voices rose up in a sweet, simple hymn, such inoffensive lines as soldiers with a turn for religion sing in camp; and these voices, without being loud or self-assuming, stayed all the rest.

The very silence listened. 'Twas but a poor weak-worded hymn. But it bore the wealthy width of gratitude upon its swelling sound.

And so the fragments of bright home songs ceased, and the solid monotonous hymn waved upon the night air, rising and falling, regular, mournful, confiding, grateful.

And when it was done, there was a sweet silence in the camp.

They had worked hard for months, and now the fruit of work—rest—was coming. They had helped themselves, and fell asleep, believing that now heaven was helping them. And so it was, if only through the men themselves, by force of their gratitude, and sweet tears, and faith.

Tears—oh they were weak from many privations, and losses, and deaths, and deferred hopes; and as when we are weak we weep, they wept in Lucknow.

So ended the 22nd.

And, good brother, these who so suffered at Lucknow, and who still survive, have, all said and done, been more fortunate than you, for they have suffered greatly, and there is no improver of your heart and brain live deep trouble—provided an end comes to it.

So closed the 22nd.

CHAPTER CXX.

THE 23RD.

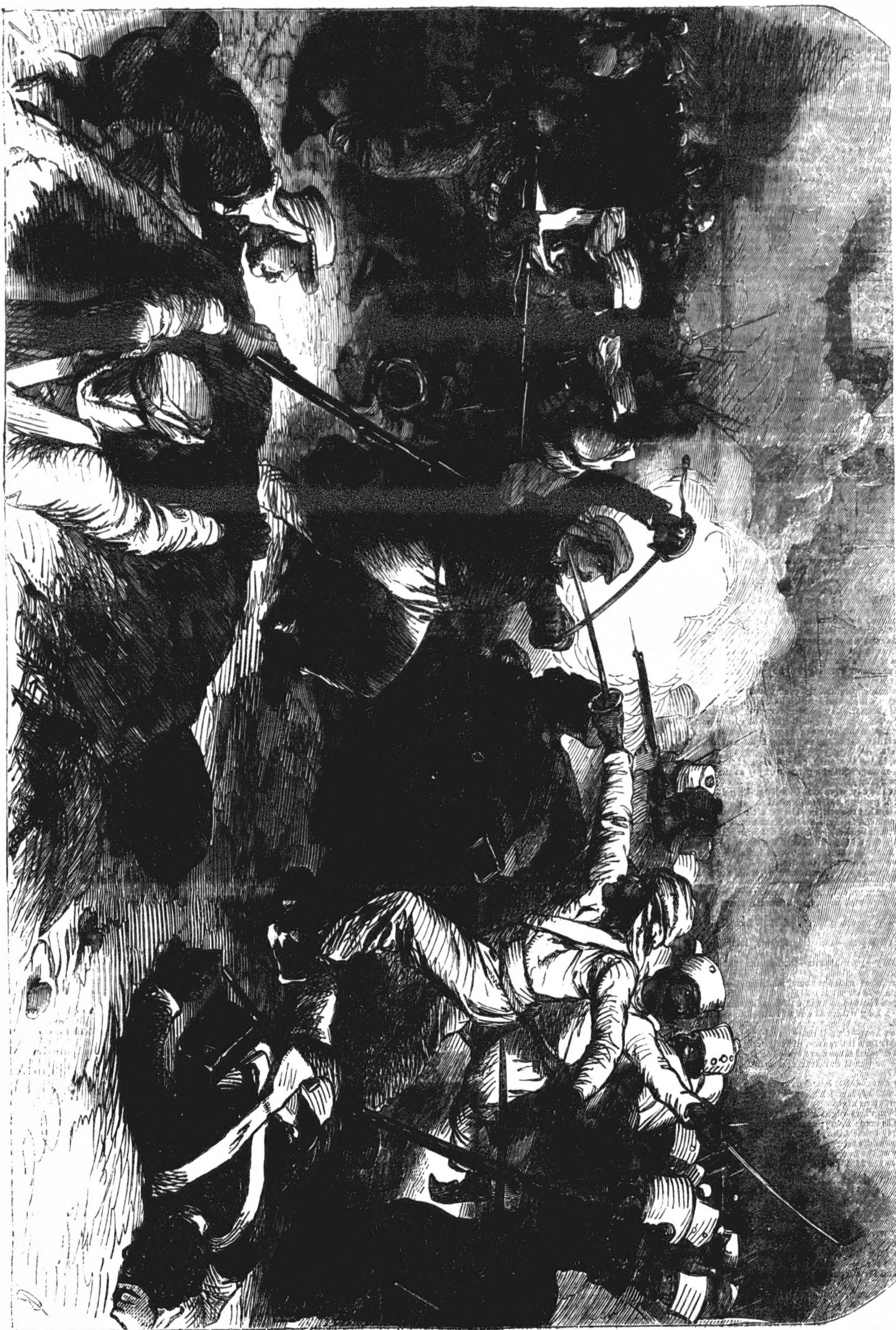
It was about eleven a.m. when the sun came out, like the harbinger of hope he always has been through countless ages—for, you know, even the birds salute the orb; and, at its setting, the beasts will turn their eyes to his light—it was about eleven, and out came the sun, and heightened even the light upon all faces.

There was a movement in the camp, such as no one had ever seen in it—an appearance of packing up and going home that was a grave, unspeakable delight which could only be understood by lovers.

Sour-faced men even looked well through this sunlight which broke through the rain.

As for the feeling in men's minds, it was surely like that we had when boys, and on the morning of the break-up, when the red coaches came down the hill for us, and hearts beating, every boy prepared to blow that little brass horn he had puffed all the half-year, wholly in anticipation of this good coming break-up day.

But then, again, there was a serenity of joy and freedom on their faces which argued a something higher than that schoolboy feeling—it was something like the expression on the face of a rustic country church congregation, as they troop out of church after hearing some humble preacher descant on the better deeds of



LUCENOW RELIEVED. (See page 254.)

some one who had lived amongst them, but who had passed away during the last week.

Eleven o'clock—and as the sun came out, or, at all events, after it had glorified the happy camp not more than five minutes, CANNON WAS HEARD.

Then they looked, each man in his neighbour's face, for a "yes" to the hope that was born in his heart.

Who has not remarked how, when long expected death comes, it still appears sudden and unexpected?

So now, all had been waiting to hear the cannon, and now, when they heard it, they looked in each other's faces and mutely asked, "Is it?"

The next moment men were rushing hither and thither to obtain vantage points, reckless of all danger from the enemy at hand, while eagerly searching for the friends beyond.

Even that enemy appeared paralyzed by the distant sound—for it meant battle, and it meant that combatants were face to face.

The cannon could not anger any good to them.

The coming friends were too far away for sight to mark them, though our hearing greeted their coming with swift comprehension.

Then followed conjecture.

Scarcely had the cannon been heard than some said they heard musketry, which declaration others denied.

But the cannon, the undoubted cannon, roared, and as though it blazed of peace and good will, women who had children left leant over them and wept for joy; while other mothers, who had lost their little ones, perchance pressed their hands about their breasts, and turned towards the ground where the youngsters were buried, wishing them to be alive to share in that good joy.

Men who had been but half friends shook hands, and were fast hearts to life.

Here some sang for joy, there others prayed, though, God be certain, all in some way had orisons upon their lips, for each man prays in his own individual way.

Still the good cannon roared, promising hope and deliverance in every vibration of the heavens.

All at first said it must be the relief which was advancing.

But, after the first great burst of hope had passed, the square-headed, calculating men calculated, and shook their heads.

No—no.

Our people—our forces—could not have advanced so far by that time, seeing how heavy had been the rains that had fallen, and this literal "damper" passed through the camp.

Then the garrison sickened and went pale, for the cannonade rolled away, fainter and fainter, in the distance, and, strain our hearing as we might, no roaring sound of cannon could be heard.

Why?

Had the force been driven back?

The camp would not believe that the English had retreated.

They clung now to the belief that the cannon was friendly.

Ha! Perhaps the wind had shifted its quarters, and borne away the sound.

No, said the observing, calculating men—the wind had not shifted.

Ay—but perhaps it had between the camp and the cannon, when, of course, the sound could be carried off—would it not?

The calculating men did not gainay this view of the question.

Hour after hour passed, and no further sound of distant cannon gladdened their hearts.

And now imagine how a boy feels, who, supposing he is going home for the holidays, learns, when his box is packed, that he has to remain at school. Oh, who that has felt that weary, desolate, inert, abandoned sensation can forget it.

It was such a feeling as that which must have taken possession of all those in the garrison whose hope and faith were not as steadfast as a rock.

And yet there were signs of hope for us in the enemy's evident uneasiness.

Beyond all question, the enemy had turned their faces from us, and towards the sounds which had made our hearts beat.

Throughout the day we were favoured with very little of the musketeers' attentions. Throughout the day large bodies of troops and guns and ammunition wagons were seen moving about the city—in the earlier part of the day to the right, and later, in larger bodies, to the left.

Then, in the afternoon, came a sign of the times which should have been as pregnant a promise of joy as the sound of the cannon in the morning.

Oh, as the day wore on, how long it appeared since that cannon of promise had been heard!

This is what the enemy did that afternoon. They placed a cannon in position facing down the Kasa bazaar street. It was the first piece of their artillery which had not been pointed at us, and nursed warm too, for all the duration of the siege.

They knew an enemy was behind them.

But we were not idle that day.

If our friends were fighting for us, it did not follow that we were not to go on fighting for ourselves.

Again, perhaps they might hear our cannon. And, granted they did not, there still remained a certain kind of companionship in serving the guns.

So we poured a quantity of shell into the enemy during the day.

It was five p.m.—the time for tea, had there been any tea to drink.

Suddenly—good heaven—the cannon roared comparatively near at hand.

As compared with the sound heard in the morning, this of the afternoon was amongst us.

All men listened to that half-hour's cannon much as men who have been long whiles at sea will listen to the prattle of their little children.

Half an hour—then it ceased, and suddenly.

For this time the cannon did not gradually recede.

Yes, the wind must have veered in the morning when the cannon abated—for was it not clear that a swift march forward had been effected?

They listened, but heard no more that night, the garrison falling into a troubled, feverish sleep, which wholly lacked the broad peace of the previous night.

That previous night was as the letter which tells us the old friend has come home; this darkness of the 23rd was as the rush and hurry to meet the old friend at the railway station, and when the noise and excitement of the coming meeting jars with the real serenity at the heart.

And so the 23rd passed away, and was added to the rest of the world's age.

CHAPTER CXXI.

THE 24th.

Oh! the wretched misery of that day, the day before that of the deliverance.

Hope long deferred hope, was sick of waiting.

Early in those twenty-four hours, at eight a.m., cannon was heard, and for a moment our faces brightened, but it was very far away.

And the sound grew fainter, and was lost.

No, no, the English could not have been driven back! Hope, which had raised her hands in an adoration of gratitude, became almost paralyzed at the evocation of the thought.

And yet what could the retreating cannon mean, if not retreat?

And all the hope was this—that as on the previous day, after the cannon had whirled in the distance it burst forth again almost as it were, with us, so now, after it had fled, it would suddenly be in our midst.

Even strong men paled—men who had not hesitated throughout the siege—at the mere contemplation of the probability that the promised relief could not be fulfilled.

So we listened all the day, hope fighting with something like despair.

We were like all dependents—weak.

While we relied on ourselves, we kept stout hearts within us; but from the hour we hoped upon good grounds for the help of others, we weakened, and were no longer the defiant men we had then been for many months.

Ha! had we learnt that that night was to be the last of the actual siege, no man had slept—the camp would have been ablaze with joy, and all the liquor remaining in the place had been drunk for very joy, and in quaffing health to the coming victors.

As it was, the camp was sick at heart. There was not even any trying to sleep. All were too weary with waiting to slumber.

So ended the night of the 24th of September, 1857, in Lucknow.

CHAPTER CXXII.

THE 25th.—DELIVERANCE.

THE weary night before the deliverance, like the last night of pain before a Christian dies, was very unquiet.

There were two alarms—one at 130 a.m., and another at four. The whole garrison were under arms nearly the whole night.

Between us and the enemy little real warfare was going on; but, like rats at bay, they bit at us, and so caused the two alarms recorded in that last sentence.

In the city we could hear a great disturbance, especially in the direction of Mr. Gubbie's post, exactly as you will hear an angry, frightened buzz in a wasp's nest when an enemy is approaching.

And this same night, when the last of the enemy's shot was coming among us, we lost a good man, Captain Radcliffe, who was dangerously wounded while working in the Owapore battery.

It was at 10 a.m., when the sun was ablaze high in the sky, that the last messenger that came before the English entered the camp.

Our friends, when they were quite sure they could help us, were glad enough to tell us of their coming. The messenger bore a letter from Havelock, announcing his belief about to cross over to our side of the Ganges, and to march on to Lucknow.

This messenger could give no account of the English forces—except that it was near us, in the very outskirts of the city.

It was at eleven that the enemy raised the siege, and all sounds of firing against us ceased.

Then, those who were stationed at high points in the garrison saw how the whole city was in fear,—the dark forms, both of military and civilians, running hither and thither in frightened haste.

Then broke out two large roaring fires in the city, and the frightened hosts were seen to scud about more swiftly than they had already moved.

At heart, they were in full flight, and so, like a rat in a large trap, ran round and round, seeking for a hole to escape by.

Now amongst the English a calm peacefulness, an anticipation of joy was felt which prohibited much movement or many words.

Jessie MacFarlane—she who had upheld herself so well through all the terrors of the siege—Jessie MacFarlane had broken down during the night; and as the glad tidings came to the camp she lay on the ground, and in the shadow, pale, but not unhappy; a little fearful, but not without hope.

Of what did she think?

Perhaps of Barty Sanderson? Certainly of Barty Sanderson. Would he be with the relieving force? If so, the Highlanders formed a portion of the forces.

Now the Highlanders always go into action with pipes in full blow.

So Jessie lay listening for the wild shriek of the slogan.

Would they never come?

We in garrison were certain of relief, but we were impatient for its coming.

Would they never come?

There was no sound of cannon—of musketry—of any promise of our friends.

Were we deceived?

No—the fear of the city told us that we were not deceived, but would they never, never come?

Suddenly Jessie leapt up, eyes dilating, lips parted, a wild disconcerting look upon the face.

Those about her either fell back, or asked what ailed her.

"DINNA YE HEAR IT? Dinna ye hear it? IT'S THE SLOGAN O' THE HIGHLANDERS! WE'RE SAVED! WE'RE SAVED!"

A time, and other ears beside the Scotchwoman's heard the sound.

Louder and louder it came, until it ceased and slept upon victory.

They did not believe Jessie at first—but she was right.

Within an hour, the bated sound of musketry was heard, and the smoke of guns was distinctly perceived within the walls of the city.

"All the garrison," says an authority, "was on the alert, and the excitement amongst many of the soldiers and officers was quite painful to witness."

Shall I tell my readers what shape that excitement took? The men who survive would most of them be ashamed to admit how deep and demonstrative that emotion became.

Men wept, and men embraced each other—for it was as though they were home again, and mothers, wives, children, fathers, brothers, were before them.

It was a time when, for a moment, each man felt the want demonstratively of loving some human being.

Others positively jumped about and began practical joking, like sailors in a pleasant ship when all hands are piped to skylarking.

Doubtless many prayed—some standing, while others went away into corners and shadowy places, and knelt.

At 130 p.m. the flight from the city began, and the people of the place, with heavy bundles on their heads, took flight all one way—their faces hidden from the approaching English.

No shot was fired at those fugitives as they passed over the bridges. They might have been mowed down like corn before the hardy reaper.

But the gratitude of relief brought mercy with it, and the fleeing people, pallid even though dark-skinned, were as safe as though we had been armless.

At two, armed men and sepoya began to follow the hosts of fleeing citizens.

All the same way—all over the bridges, one now and then casting back looks of fear in the direction whence they had come.

Then followed large bodies of irregular cavalry.

But here the spirit of revenge arose within us.

These armed men were those who had troubled us so many months—upon these, our faces, we turned all our cannon. Every gun—every mortar—that could be brought to bear upon the enemy belched at them for at least an hour and a half.

Still the retreat continued faster and faster, as we could see even with the naked eye.

The enemy's bridge of boats had evidently been destroyed, or in some way broken away, for we could see the fugitives swimming across the river, most of them cavalry, with their horses' bridles in their mouths.

It was at four report was made that Englishmen were actually to be seen outside the entrenchments. The report stated that some were officers, dressed in shooting coats and solar caps; others, a regiment of Europeans, in blue pantaloons and shirts; while a bullock battery was seen near Mr. Martin's house and the Motee Mubal.

And now let me quote (for the last time) the unaffected and simple account of the approach of the good friends in the words of the staff officer to whom so much has been owing in the course of this work:—

"At five p.m. volleys of musketry, rapidly growing louder, were heard in the city. But soon the firing of a mine ball over our heads gave notice of the still nearer approach of our friends; of whom as yet little or nothing had been seen, though the enemy were to be seen firing heavily on them from many of the roofs of the houses. Five minutes later, and our troops were seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets; and though men fell at almost every step, yet nothing could withstand the headlong gallantry of our reinforcements. Once fairly seen, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended; and then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers; from every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten."

"Soon all the rear-guard and heavy guns were inside our position; and then ensued a scene which baffles description. For eighty-seven days the Lucknow garrison had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside. Wives who had long mourned their husbands as dead, were again restored to them; others, fondly looking forward to glad meetings with those near and dear to them, now for the first time learnt that they were alone. On all sides eager inquiries for relations and friends were made. Alas! in too many instances the answer was a painful one."

As for any actual description of the entry itself, it was quite impossible. One might as well attempt to describe a crowd. No two men ever yet approached each other in a description of a fight.

Imagine the suspense, even up to the moment when the forces came in sight. Then followed—simply confusion.

A rush over the entrenchments—smoke, dust, hand-shaking hurrying scurrying hither and thither, men rushing past asking for head-quarters, others running towards the hospital, all eagerly looking about, and throughout the whole breadth of the tumult certainly not one angry look, and surely not one angry thought.

Women weeping, children (what remained) affrightedly crying, and men expending all their strength in shouting of such was the friendly storing of the garrison at Lucknow—as surely the first storming which had been successful.

The Highlanders' black plumes nodded over all the garrison.

And so Lucknow was relieved—from the fear of surrender, at all events, even if they had another hard month or so to go through.

But let us return to some of those who have more especially to do with this tale.

Talking of stout Mrs. O'Gogarty, when (under Jessie's tuition) she heard the slogan call, she gave a yell, and immediately committed herself to the remark, "Me heavens! somethin's jist burst in me!"

But it was only the good old Samaritan's stay-lace. Her heart had jumped with such joy in her stout old body, that the much-tried stay-lace gave in at the very moment of victory. To be sure it was worn out, like all the rest of the textile fabrics in the garrison; and, indeed, some of the complement of that garrison went about very little better dressed than mere beggars.

"Bedad!" said Mrs. O'Gog, as she heard the Highlanders profess to approach—and she never committed herself to a more profoundly truthful observation in all her life—"Bedad! the sound's better than all your physic."

And after the rush was over—after bagles had called—after unheeded industry in setting up tents, the garrison volunteering to help the relief, and the strong relief good-humouredly pretending to accept it at weak help, Mrs. Captain Bury triumphantly said to O'Gog, "Did I not always say he was a coward?—the army is well rid of him!"

Need it be said the sharp little lady referred to Colonel Mole?

Half-a-dozen words of epithet upon that contemptible wretch.

His courage being got out of the bottle, it vanished with the contents of the same. Perhaps, also, some fear of the scandal to which he had subjected himself in trying to steal the beer under Tim's guard helped to bring on the attack of delirious tremors from which it is certain he was suffering as the relief advanced.

And here was the end of him.

In his half-scattered and cowardly senses, he took the roar of welcome which saluted the coming relief, as the shout of victory on the part of the enemy; and leaping up, he caught at a loaded pistol, put it in his mouth, and in a half-courageous moment of defiance, he drew the trigger and shot himself through the head.

When they came to look upon him, the sweat of fear upon his forehead was mingled with the splashing of blood which had leapt from his shattered mouth. And so he died—the worst of suicidal deaths, that of a poor drunkard.

With the entry of the troops (Miss Skogge welcomed them with the wavings of one of the last whole white pocket-handkerchiefs in garrison), Jessie MacFarlane recovered her strength marvelously.

For it was her business to find Barty Sanderson.

In next to no time she learnt his regiment formed a portion of the Highlanders who had helped in the victory.

But she could find him nowhere.

As we have said, for some time after the rush into the garrison, all was but confusion. The men were mixed up together in what appeared to be impenetrable confusion.

She found him at last, through Tim Flat, who, with a very grave face, came to tell her he was in hospital. But before she could speak, white-faced as she heard the news, he told her it was "On'y a hem."

"Key! his pairt alm," said Jessie; and she broke down with a sob, half of sorrow, half of joy.

Tim witnessed the meeting of the two young people, and strange indeed were his feelings.

He was sufficiently true to Wilhelmina, but it was not in human nature to mark this final seal and bar to his old hopes without suppressing some emotion.

He was true to Wilhelmina, but he out on that portion of his old uniform tunic which Jessie's head had touched when she turned to him for protection upon that eventful meeting with Vengha in the tope; and I believe he has that piece of worn-out stained cloth to this day.

And all in garrison that night were grateful, and lay down to rest with lightened hearts. Even those who had feared the worst were peaceful in the knowledge that they knew it.

Even Bunny—that is to say, poor Mrs. Captain Smith, who during the siege had lost her little fair husband and all her litter of little ones—even Bunny was grateful.

"And now I think," says she to Mrs. Captain Bury, when the fight was over, and tattoo had been heard,—“I think I can sit down and have a good cry.”

Yes, all in garrison were grateful, with one exception—Mrs. Baggery.

She found fault.

"My luck!" said she.

The good woman had lost her little himble during the excitement, and fled it she could not. She was quite inconsolable.

Even she, however, slept at last, and peace was in the camp.

(To be continued in our next.)

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